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# Life and Light for Woman.

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WOMEN IN THE STATION CLASS, FOOCHOW, CHINA.

(See page 494.)

## AFRICA.

## THE BOER WAR AND THE NATIVES.

BY REV. C. L. GOODENOUGH.

A FEW weeks ago, in passing through a town in Iowa, I rode from one depot to another with the expressman who transferred my baggage. He exercised the Yankee right of asking questions, and inquired where I was from. I told him from South Africa.

“From South Africa! Are you a Boer?”

“No; I am an American.”

Then after a pause he said, “I do want South Africa to win.”

I asked him which party he meant, as there were several in South Africa.

“Why, the Boers,” he replied.

Like so many others, he was leaving out of the account the wishes and interests of the large majority of the people of South Africa,—the natives, the original proprietors of the whole country.

The natives have been silent but intensely interested spectators of the conflict now drawing to a close between the Boers and Britons in South Africa. Many pro-Boer sympathizers have told the black natives that the British will treat them as badly as the Boers; but with a century’s experience of both races the colored people have longed for the success of the British. They expect that their lot will be better under British rule.

In a letter lately received from Rev. Charles Phillips, of Johannesburg, who has a large mission work there among the “Cape” colored people, he writes, “There will be splendid opportunities for Christian service and extension work when we return, and I hope God’s servants will rise to the height of their opportunities.”

Our mission in Natal has this same conviction of the outlook for mission work, for at its annual meeting, held in July last, it was “Resolved, that the present offers a very much enlarged opportunity for a forward movement at Johannesburg.”

What are the grounds of these various expectations, and what is the outlook for the natives and for mission work in the Transvaal as the result of the war?

What the British will do in the two colonies lately annexed can only be judged by what has been done in the two adjoining English colonies, Natal and the Cape Colony. In the English colonies named considerable areas of land have been set apart and vested in trustees for the exclusive use of natives. Besides this, in both colonies, natives have the same right to buy land as white men, and many natives own their own farms, having their own homes, which are to them what homes are to the English—their castles.

In the two Dutch republics no black man was allowed to own land. Wherever he dwelt it was as a squatter on the sufferance of some white man. If he lived in the country it was on some white man's farm, and he could not go beyond the confines of that farm without the owner's permission. Near the towns he lives in the small native village set apart for natives; but even here his only right is a monthly permit which is given to those only who are servants in the town. It will easily be seen that under such circumstances there could be for a native no hope of rising, no sense of security, no settled home. He was a servant, and such he must remain. The whole aim and end of legislation for the black man was to make him more useful to the whites.

Again, in the English colonies, large sums are set apart for the education of the natives. In Natal it was made a condition by the Imperial Government in granting Responsible Government to the colony (Natal was before that a crown colony), that £10,000 (\$50,000) should be given annually from colonial funds for the education and amelioration of the natives. In the Cape Colony a still larger sum is spent on native education. On the other hand, nothing whatever was done by the two Dutch republics for native education.

Again, there was a law in the Transvaal known as the "Plaker's Wet," according to which law not more than five native families were allowed to reside on one farm. The object of the law was to give bad masters an equal chance with the good in getting native servants to work their farms. Under this law, commissioners for the natives have threatened some of the missionaries to break up their mission stations by sending away all natives except five families. They had the power to do it under the law.

It is reasonable to expect that in the matters mentioned—the ownership of land, education and liberty of residence and movement—the position of natives will be much better under British rule than it has been under the Boers. At the same time we must not expect too much. The local sentiment will be very strong, and will necessarily modify, in some degree, the real wishes of the British government and people.

Our mission in Natal doubtless had something more in mind than the improved condition of the natives under British rule, when it resolved that the present offers a very much enlarged opportunity for a forward movement at Johannesburg. With settled peace, and the removal of the black cloud of uncertainty which has for some years been hanging over the Transvaal, there will come an era of great prosperity,—the opening of many new mines and the starting of new industries. These will require a very large increase in the number of natives coming into the Transvaal, and that

will mean greatly increased opportunities for mission work. Oh that the churches could understand how grand these opportunities are, and would furnish the money and workers needed to take advantage of them!

Here are gathered at Johannesburg and along the Rand thousands of natives, coming from every part of South Africa—from Cape Town, a thousand miles to the southwest; from the Zambezi and Lake Nyassa, a thousand miles and more to the northeast. They came from mountain and valley, from the low, fever-stricken districts of the east coast, and assemble here on this high, healthful tableland. They are not scattered, but gathered in compounds, containing from 500 to 4,500 natives each. While they represent every native race and tribe in South Africa, yet two native languages are sufficient for work among nearly all of them—the Zulu and the Basuto. Here are native helpers and books ready prepared—the Zulus, by our own mission in Natal, and the Basutos by the French mission in Basutoland. There are Bibles, hymn books, primers and reading books in Zulu and Basuto. It would seem that our mission in Natal had been raised up for such a time as this. Think of the inspiring possibilities of this work! Who can tell how far the gospel light set up in one of those compounds on the Rand will finally shine? It will shine into some dark hearts there, and prove, as it is proving, the power of God unto salvation. It will be carried by some back to their dark homes and communities, and be relighted where no missionary has ever gone. Only eternity will reveal the final result.

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## CHINA.

### AN ESCAPE FROM CHINA.

*To the Readers of Life and Light.*

DEAR FRIENDS: You may be interested to hear the story of Boxer-ridden Pao-ting-fu, and the escape from their clutches of myself, wife and two children. The dreadful tidal wave came in a northerly direction from that broad region in northern Shantung, where our two stations of Pang-Chuang and Lin-Ching are situated.

Until the middle of May we anticipated no serious trouble, for the animus of the movement seemed there and at that time to be distinctly anti-Catholic. Just then Pres. F. E. Clark visited our station, bringing with him all the enthusiasm gathered from his wide experience and contact with Christian Endeavorers in other parts of China. We were talking and planning the organization of a Y. P. S. C. E., when ill health in my family made it necessary for us to leave at once for our "Rocky Point" seaside resort. This was a



distinct leading of Providence, though unknown to us at the time—as is apt to be the way with God's leadings. Eleven days later and Pao-ting-fu as a residence for foreigners became, by the destruction of the railway, hermetically sealed.

Meanwhile for a month after our arrival at the seashore disquieting and even alarming letters came almost daily, at first from Peking and Pao-ting-fu as well as from Tientsin; then, as the former two places were cut off from communication from Tientsin alone, we were alive to our own danger, and through the kind offices of a British army officer doing language work at the shore, we obtained the protection of a British gunboat, which landed a guard of twenty-five marines. These soldiers had their headquarters in one of the missionary houses, and they constantly patrolled the whole region, fearing that Boxers might come down upon us at any time with intent to kill all foreigners. Premonitions of war came nearer and nearer. Only twenty miles north of us were thousands of native soldiers, whose attitude we could not safely predict. Reports from the near south informed us that the far-famed mining region of Tang Shan was threatened, and that a guard of foreign soldiers was on duty.

The climax was reached when on Sunday, June 17th, an armored train from the south brought all the foreign residents and the military guard from the mining region to Rocky Point with the news that railway connection with Tientsin was destroyed and the telegraph line down. The excitement was intense. We had been urged again and again by letter and by wire to flee to Tientsin for our lives, yet we continued to remain with the protection of the gunboat, and our hearts and minds were kept in perfect peace. The captain of the gunboat being unable longer to communicate with his fleet, and knowing that General Sung's army, on the way to Peking, might swoop down at any time from the north and an attack be made by Boxers from the south, promptly ordered us all on board, and also very kindly offered to convey with us any of our property, excluding furniture, that we might put alongside. Having some hours' notice we were able to pack up the most important of our goods that we chanced to have at the shore—all our valuable possessions being of course left behind at Pao-ting-fu. The facilities for freight transport from land to ship were very poor, as the local officials had warned the fishermen, on pain of death, not to assist us. We were consequently compelled to impress a native junk. When toward the last of that Tuesday we became alarmed lest the boat should be unable to wait for the freight the marines and Chinese servants gave energetic assistance. Some sixty others were conveyed as were we by this boat a twenty hours' journey southward to the rendezvous of the allied forces off Taku. Here we were

given our choice of a transfer to an American gunboat, whose destination and time of sailing were uncertain, and a merchant steamer bound at once for Chefoo. We with two or three other families chose the latter, as we were desirous of reaching shore as early as possible. We reached the harbor of Chefoo on the afternoon of Thursday, June 21st, but were unable to find an abiding place on shore until Saturday afternoon, when we with our boxes found lodging at the Cheefoo Family Hotel. The following day, by dint of undue Sabbath labor, we were able to establish ourselves, not in comfort but in a livable condition.

On Monday afternoon, June 25th, our little baby girl was born, under God the salvation of all our lives. The discomfort of our surroundings it would be hard to overestimate—a poor bed, countless thousands of flies, oppressive heat, a noisy courtyard, mark some of the features. At that time Chefoo was also in a state of much disquiet, and we were advised to leave early for Japan. While Mrs. Ewing was yet on her back, we went on board a Japanese passenger boat bound for Nagasaki and Kobe by way of Korean ports. Our Chinese nurse had previously left us, and later we were left without outside assistance. Through all these troublous times we were repeatedly taught that God will provide. Kind friends did for us what our own hands could not do, and we were prospered with strength daily renewed. When we reached the harbor of Nagasaki the presence just at that time of the U. S. Navy transport "Logan," offering a free passage to San Francisco, seemed to call us as with a call of duty. Accordingly we made all haste to get our things together, and we were conveyed—boxes, trunks and all—to the army transport just in season to avoid missing connection. The appointments on board were excellent, and we had quite reconciled our minds to the thought of passing through Japanese waters without the privilege of going ashore, when suddenly we were all ordered on land at Yokohama. It was hard to move again on such short notice and late at night under our conditions, but we accomplished the feat and the little baby was none the worse for her strange escapade. It was exhausting, however, to the mother, and no wonder that she fairly collapsed and had to be borne to her room in the hotel. When the order was reversed, and permission given to return, in spite of all her bravery of spirit the physical task was too much, and we decided to remain in Yokohama. Mrs. F. D. Wilder, our mission treasurer, was there, and for the week that we remained we took rooms in the same house. The heat was so intense that we felt it wise to take once more to the water. Again Providence favored, and an excellent stateroom—the only one left—was obtained just when we wanted it, the previous holder having surrendered it only an hour before. This ocean voyage to Vancouver was a

quite uneventful one, though busy enough for the parents of three such small children. Without much delay we crossed through Canadian territory and amidst grandest scenery to Montreal, and thence to Boston, where dear ones were expectantly awaiting the return of the refugees.

Very cordially yours, G. HENRY EWING.

PAO-TING-FU STATION, N. C. MISSION.

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## THE SIEGE OF PEKING.

JOURNAL OF MISS MARY E. ANDREWS DURING THE SIEGE.

[This journal begins six days after her arrival in Peking in the Methodist compound, a previous journal not being received.]

PEKING, Saturday P. M., June 16, 1900.

I SENT a letter to you yesterday. The situation to-day is practically unchanged. No more troops have appeared. We are in a state of semi-siege. No one goes out except on important business, and then under guard; even our servants going to make purchases for our table are guarded. Several attacks were made yesterday by foreign soldiers on little companies of Boxers, and a good many were killed. The work of burning still goes on. Heavy smoke is rising from the south city now, but no one knows what is being destroyed. A bold thing was done by four of our missionaries last night,—Dr. Ingram, Mr. Tewksbury, Mr. Ewing and Mr. Inglic; they went armed with Winchester rifles to the city gate near us, leading into the south city, and demanded the key of the gate. In fear of the rifles the gate keeper delivered it up, and they proceeded to close and lock the gate and brought the key here for the night. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been a most lawless act, but this part of the city is under martial law. The government is completely paralyzed, and anything that looks like self-protection is allowed. Of course, with the key in our hands no friends of the Boxers could open them, and we had a quiet night. The day has been quiet except for one sudden alarm. While gathered for our noon prayer meeting, Dr. Lowrie came and called all the gentlemen out. The mothers with little children, and ladies in charge of Chinese girls followed, and the call came to prepare to go to the chapel immediately for refuge. We made instant preparation, and many of the Chinese had gathered there, when word came that the danger was over. There is an encampment of [Chinese] soldiers not far from one corner of our compound, the least protected part, from whose presence we fear danger. A squad appeared as if intending an attack, but as soon after the alarm was given the guards were in place ready to receive them they turned off.

*June 17th.*—I am sitting quietly in the chapel to write here. We have not yet been driven here for protection, but it is a cool place to sit, quite different from what it will be when the hundreds of us are shut up within its walls. Everthing possible is being done to make it habitable. The glass of the windows has been taken out, two thirds of the casements bricked up, and the rest filled in with matting. Parapets have been thrown up on the roof for a protection for the marines and missionary soldiers who shall occupy that place. All the heavy trunks of those who have trunks are gathered in the vestibules, to be piled against the doors in case of an attack. Large water kangas stand here and there, masses of canned goods and other provisions are piled on the pulpit platform. The girls of the two schools sleep here at night, but spend the day in the schoolhouses across the way, marching back and forth with the escort of their teachers with great decorum. It is wonderful with the throngs here that there is so little confusion and no panic, even in cases of sudden alarm. It shows what trust in the Lord can do, even for the Chinese who are so lacking in self-control. All through the courts the scene is a busy one, even on this Sabbath day,—walls going up, and deep pits being dug everywhere to guard the approach to the chapel from all directions. Everybody is pressed into the service, men, women and little children carrying bricks and wielding pickax and shovel. Guards of foreigners and Chinese take their turns in standing on guard, armed night and day. We ladies, too, have our regular times of being on guard night and day to carry the word in case of sudden alarm and attend to getting the women and children into the chapel. Everything is systematized and goes by the clock. One great fear is that the strain of day work and night watching will prove too great for us all.

*Monday, 18th.*—I was on guard yesterday from six till eight in the A. M., so had a quiet time with my Bible and the Lord. After breakfast we gathered our servants for prayers. By “we” I mean the people in our house who are keeping house for us, most of us Tung-cho people, but I was called to lead prayers in the next house where there seemed no one to attend to it. After that I made the round of the refugees with Dr. Mackay, she to look after the sick ones, I to interpret for her and to speak words of cheer or possibly of reproof, as needed. Later we met in the chapel for worship and took that as a special answer to prayer, for the chaplain was unwilling to have us gather,—thought it unwise. But we felt that our people needed the help of the Sabbath service, so we prayed, and he was won over to give consent. Then those in charge of the work in the courts thought the work ought not to stop, but we felt sure it would do the men good to stop for an hour and get soul-nourishment,—that they would work

better for it. That, too, the Lord brought about in answer to prayer. I had a meeting with the women in our courts in the afternoon and then our own English service, which I specially enjoyed. Mr. Smith gave a very helpful, strong sermon on the 90th and 91st Psalms. After tea I went over to the other compound, and had a meeting with the women there, out in the court, as there is no room large enough for them to gather in. Later we had a delightful sing over at Mrs. Walker's; all the marines who were off guard coming in, and seeming to enjoy it thoroughly.

*Wednesday 20th.*—We have passed another terrible night, a night of much prayer, and again we are facing the dreadful possibility of being obliged to leave all these dear native Christians to massacre, or something worse. It seems as if we simply could not. To die with them would be easy, as compared with leaving them to their fate. Monday was a comparatively quiet day, but yesterday a good many fires were started, one large one that burned nearly all day. All the foreign property has been burned except this one compound and Legation Street, and they seem now to be burning stores that have kept foreign goods, the telegraph offices and everything that is in any way connected with anything foreign. Yesterday reports came that the Legations and this place were to be attacked last night. Then in the evening a letter came from our Minister, Major Conger, saying word had come from the palace that the Viceroy at Tientsin had sent word that the Admirals were to take possession of the Taku forts to-day, which would be a declaration of war on the part of all the nations, and giving us twenty-four hours in which to leave.

*English Legation, Thursday, 21st.*—Such a strange day! Yesterday we were all called together after breakfast to hear the letters which had been sent to our Minister protesting against our being sent away, leaving our native Christians to their fate,—and his answer, which was that there seemed to be nothing else to do, since we were ordered away by the Chinese Government; that he should demand of them carts and an escort to take us to Tientsin, and that we should be ready to leave at the latest by next morning. It was such sad word to take to our women and children. They felt our danger in going was as great as theirs in staying, and had little hope of seeing us again here. We went to work to select from our little store of earthly goods those most important which we could take with us in our carts. Then came another sudden call to be ready to go to the Legation at once on foot, taking with us only what we could carry in our hands. The German Minister had been killed on his way to the Tsung Li Yamen, and it seemed as if there was imminent danger for everybody. So our troops were to escort us to the Legation as the only place

of safety. I went down again to see our people and say good-by to them, and was just turning away with a great sorrow of heart at the thought of leaving them at last with no protection from their enemies, when word came suddenly that they were to be allowed to go with us, not to the Legation, but to a large place opposite, which was also under the protection of the guns. That was another precious answer to prayer. We had been so pleading that we might not be obliged to leave them. Well, we walked over in the hot sun to the American Legation. But the quarters there were small, and not so easily defensible as the English Legation, and in the event of war it would be possible to hold only one. So after a hasty lunch, which Mrs. Squires, the wife of the English Secretary of Legation, had prepared for us, we started again for the English legation. Here we Americans are most of us quartered in the chapel, as close together as peas in a pod. As soon as possible we went over to see our people. We found them huddled together in groups under the trees in a great open court. A large building belonging to a prince who had fled was soon opened to them, so that they have quite comfortable quarters. We stayed and helped them clear out the rooms and get them ready to shelter the mothers and babies. But a call came to come back at once to the Legation, and shortly afterwards the Chinese opened fire on us, though without doing any harm. A sharp attack came in the evening, and the bullets whistled through the trees over our heads. The Gatling guns answered and the firing soon ceased, but it was renewed again during the night. Naturally sleep was not very sound or restful, though I did not at all realize we were being attacked. It seemed rather like Fourth of July. I seem to be living in a dream these days and realize nothing. To-day we have not been allowed to go to our people because of the danger of being fired on. We hear this afternoon that our troops from Tientsin are at hand. I hope it is true. We found yesterday that to get away from here was simply impossible, since no carts could be hired. This morning word came from the officials that we need not leave.

*Friday evening, June 22d.*—I keep on writing day after day, though there is no way of sending letters. We are quite cut off from the outside world; no communication by rail or telegraph, nor for many days by a messenger. To-day I have sewed steadily on sand bags for fortification, from breakfast till supper time, only stopping a few minutes for dinner. There have been several excitements during the day. All the morning firing was heavy and incessant, bullets falling all about us, so it was not safe for us to step outside the chapel. A little later German, French and Japanese troops came marching in, and word spread that all the other Legations

had been abandoned and the troops were concentrating here. That was sad word for us, as it left the building where all our Chinese are gathered wholly unprotected. But it seemed to me that after the Lord had answered so many prayers for them, making it possible to keep them with us and bring them to a place of safety, he would not forsake them now. Only a little later a large number of troops were marched out again, and we learned that they were sent purposely to protect these buildings. The English Minister says those buildings will be protected to the very end, because it protects this Legation on this side. So our dear people are in the safest place possible—thanks to God's loving care. After tea-time the fire alarm sounded. Buildings just next to us had been fired, and the fear was that the flames might spread to us. Foreigners and Chinese men and women formed in lines to pass buckets of water, and after a time the fire was controlled. That exercise was a real rest to me after sitting still all day. Yesterday and to-day we have not been allowed to go over to the other court, and I am a little homesick for our dear people, but it is good to know that they are safe.

*Saturday evening, 23d.*—Another weary day. Fire after fire has been started to-day just around us, with the evident intent of burning us out. Missionaries and native Christians are nearly worn out with fighting fires and fortifying; but the Lord has helped us thus far.

*Tuesday P. M., 26th.*—Just after that little record I went over to the scene of the latest fire, the Han Lin Yuan, the great Peking University. Its library contained books of incalculable value; books which the Chinese were and might be proud of,—records of their empire from the earliest ages. That even fanaticism could go to such lengths as that, to destroy anything so precious, seems impossible. The books had been thrown out in a heap; a few of the most precious were gathered up by order of the English Minister and brought over here. An immense pit was dug, and the rest of the books and papers tumbled in and covered over by our people to save adding fuel to the flames. Evidently kerosene had been put on the trees to spread the flames, and the fire started with the intention of setting fire to the rooms of the English Minister, as the wind was blowing in that direction; but at God's command, and in answer to prayer, it suddenly veered and blew the flames away from us; but for that we should all have been burned out. Saturday was a terrible day; firing all night, and in the morning the wounded and dead began to be brought in. Fires raged around us, so near it seemed as if our court could not be saved. Evidently they were determined to burn us out, but still God's hand was over us and no harm came. Once word came that the place where our

Chinese were was attacked and could be no longer defended, and our people were hastily removed to rooms in connection with our compound. But before the removal was finished the attack was repelled, and after a little they were moved back again. I did not see them, for I was engaged making bags and superintending some Catholic women in the same work. The men who were fortifying were calling for more bags, and I could not stop. We have made thousands in these four days, and still the demand continues. Some of our men made raids on some deserted stores near by and brought in quantities of cloth and thread for the purpose. Several sewing machines belonging to ladies in the Legation are in constant use; most of those who are not at the machines sew by hand all day long. The Chinese women are busily working too.

*(To be continued.)*

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## STATION CLASSES FOR WOMEN IN FOOCHOW.

LETTER FROM MISS EMILY HARTWELL.

[Written before the uprising.]

I THANK you very, very warmly for granting me the money I asked for Bible women and station classes. I am sure, could you see the work you would rejoice at your privilege. As you cannot come, I am sending you two photographs to help you understand and realize what a great work you are doing. This woman's class photograph was taken the last day of the fall term, and only includes those who remained after we had dropped all those who had been irregular or were too dull to keep up with the class. The station class included the women in the three rows. The two old ladies and children in front belonged to the house or came with their mothers. The old lady near the middle of the front row is Dr. Ling's mother, the first of the family to join our church, and the chaperone of the house. She is a remarkably active and a thoughtful woman for her years. Beside her sits a still older woman, who has been very glad to hear the truth while visiting her kinswoman. Of the station class the doctor's wife sits behind the senior Mrs. Ling, while an own sister of the doctor, dressed in dark clothes, sits by the side of his wife. Another relative of the family sits between this own sister and the wife of a younger brother of Dr. Ling. It is this brother's wife, Kō-biu-sō, and her baby boy, with Dr. Ling's little girl, besides the basket cradle, that you see in the smaller photograph.\* I felt I wanted you to see this unique baby cradle, and also know how a woman in China can lead a Christian Endeavor meeting with one hand joggling a bushel basket for a cradle. Don't you think Endeavorers at home

\* See Frontispiece.



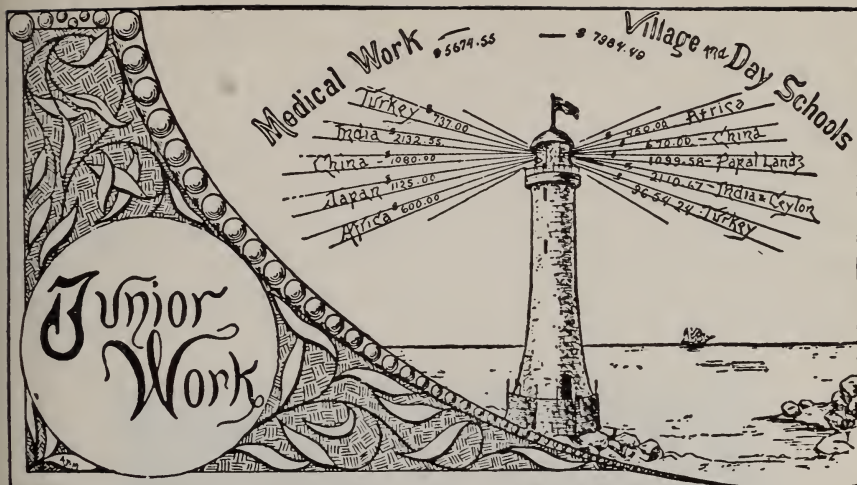


WOMAN'S CLASS IN FOCHOW.

will call her an example of zeal in the cause? She is an earnest Christian, and has led her husband also to join our church. May she lead her baby boy to be as earnest!

We do so rejoice in this Christian home, every adult member of which has been brought into some branch of God's visible Church during the past year, and the dear children presented to God in baptism. May God give all of us the blessing of knowing our families are all numbered in the book of life! I often think and pray for my dear, earnest friends at home, that this may be their sweet privilege. Oh, how seldom we can tell any such joyful story in China! The dear Bible woman and teacher, who is dressed in a light dress and sits in the center with her two daughters in front of her, is one whose very soul cries out in anguish over a faithless husband and an unkind mother-in-law. She is a noble, consecrated woman, who has been with me only the past six months. Before that, she acted as Bible woman for Mrs. Goddard at Ing Hok. She never had her feet bound, and is tireless in walking to see the homes of the women she teaches to take the gospel to their neighbors. Beside her sits Sie-Sing-sö, who has taught for me all the year, besides visiting the homes of the women. There were over fifty women who applied to come to the class in the fall term, so I was very thankful to add Cong-Ging-so from Ing Hok to help. Sie-Sing-sö is from the Pagoda Anchorage Station, and this year will go down in that district with her son who has just graduated from the theological school. She is a widow and about fifty years old, very gentle and winning, and I am very sorry to part with her, but I know my loss is others' gain. She has been president of the Christian Endeavor Society in the class. Five of the women were active and seventeen associate members. The woman dressed in a dark suit next to the end of that same row is the daughter-in-law of the woman constable of that street. She is a widow with one son and an adopted daughter. Her mother-in-law is very, very unkind to her since she joined the church, but she grows more consecrated by her afflictions. She goes into the woman's school this year, and her son into the college, and I ask you to pray they both may develop into good workers.

Many of the women have joined as associate members of the Endeavor Society, and fourteen of them expressed their wish at the end of the time to enter the woman's school; but family complications will prevent all but four or five of them from doing so, but many will be able to continue studying with my station class as day pupils. I send these photos trusting they will bring the work more vividly before you. The harvest is great and the laborers, oh, so few! Is not Jesus calling some one of you to come over and help us?



— To give light to them that sit in darkness Luke 1:77 —

## SPAIN.

### THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION IN SPAIN.

BY MISS CATHERINE BARBOUR.

OUR first Spanish C. E. Convention is a matter of history, in spite of the tremendous and unexpected opposition it has encountered from the fanatical press. One of the Zaragoza papers began the attack on Monday, quoting from our program as given in the last *Esfuerzo Cristiano*, and calling on the local citizens of Zaragoza to prevent such a scandal as that the first national convention should be celebrated in the city honored by the appearance of the Virgin, and sprinkled with the blood of martyrs. The archbishop and the mayor got so excited and troubled the governor so much, that on Tuesday he sent for D. Carlos and said he was afraid there would be trouble, and wanted him to persuade Dr. Clark—who was reported as a most seditious and dangerous character—to put off the meeting! We were all supposed to be English, and using the cloak of religion to get political power in Spain! He forbade the meeting,—although he had no power to do so,—but gave D. Carlos to understand that he expected us to disobey him! Of course we were all a little nervous about the result; but as the morning session was to be private we were entirely within the limits of the law,—just a meeting of the legally authorized society in the usual place. But for prudence's sake D. Carlos thought it wiser not to sing, so our precious hymn books lay unopened.

Dr. Clark had come the night before and there were thirty other pastors or evangelists present; a fine-looking body of men as they sat on the platform, that had been made larger for the occasion.

The Zaragoza societies had decorated the chapel very prettily with festoons of green twined about with red and yellow paper ribbon; in the center, back of the platform, was a hand-painted shield, Carlos's work,—a wreath of pansies with a large C. E. in the center; fastened to this were a great many flags of different nations. Above was a red strip of cloth with Welcome and Bienvenidos in yellow letters; below the motto, also in national colors, "For Christ and the Church" in Spanish; and hung from the ceiling, "Pri-



SOLDIERS IN ZARAGOZA.

mera Convencion Nacional de Esfuerzo Cristiano." There were also little Spanish flags all through the room, and two fine banners from Valencia societies, besides our own beautiful Institute one, which was finished just in time, and on which I feasted my eyes during the whole Convention.

The first session went off so beautifully that we felt already repaid for all the effort and expense; and when at the close D. Carlos came to the platform in triumph, and said that our enemies were quietly eating their dinners thinking they had crushed us, while we were enjoying our program just as we

had planned in perfect quiet, and gave out the hymn to be sung, "The Christian Endeavor Army" ("*Aunque el enemigo ruja, no temed, etc.*") imagine the effect!

As Dr. Clark could stay only one day we had the Junior Rally that afternoon. It was extremely pretty. Of course they did not have a great many children for the Junior Garden exercise, so put only three in each group; but they sang splendidly, and with a little help from Magdalena Mayorga, who made a fine "Senora Esfuerzo Cristiano," it sounded quite like a chorus. Dr. Clark said that though he had seen the exercise many times he had never seen it more prettily done, and it had always been in English before. As Mrs. Clark had not felt that she could take the long and expensive journey



JUNIOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS.

for just one day (they had to be in Liverpool Saturday night), he consented to take her place, "like a dutiful husband," as he said; he entertained the children beautifully, and made them realize their world-wide fellowship by making them repeat after him the word welcome in many languages.

Then Dona Ant3nia, though very much afraid at first, gave a fine talk about Junior work. She looked "as pretty as a doll," as one of the girls

said, and she won everybody's heart; so much so that Mr. Faithfull has asked her to talk to his teachers in Madrid and organize C. E. Societies in his schools. Isn't that a triumph? After her came Dona Manuela, D. Carlos's wife, so frightened that I really was afraid she would faint; but she spoke so nicely about Mothers' societies that it was well worth the effort.

After the rally we were invited up stairs by the Zaragoza societies, the Young People's, to have ice cream, *bizcochlos*, and the *barquillos* which had been contributed by a member of the society who is a *barquillero*. The girls had some very pretty fancy-work for sale, and earned quite a little money in this way.



INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE, BIARRITZ. DINNER ON THE LAWN.

The evening session was fully as good as the morning, and Dr. Clark encouraged us all by saying that he had been at many first conventions, and this was quite equal to any in earnestness, fervor, enthusiasm, and in numbers exceeded the first in America, England and Germany.

We were a little anxious lest the enthusiasm should go down the next day, and perhaps on that account we prayed more earnestly for it. The morning session was even better than any of the day before, culminating in the consecration meeting, which was marked by a deep spiritual tone; we could feel God's presence. I felt just as Vicente Mateu said,—the joy was too much for the body; we hardly felt strong enough to endure it.

In the afternoon the National Union was formed, in the greatest harmony. It was decided that no foreign names should appear on the list sent to the

government, though Mr. Gulick was chosen honorary president and una servidora, honorary secretary.

The evening session was most interesting, thus making the whole thing a grand success. There is hardly one single thing to regret in the whole convention; it far exceeded in every way our wildest hopes. Everybody felt and said so. And all the time the papers were in the greatest excitement the matter had been laid before the National Government, and some say that



INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE. SPANISH AND FRENCH TEACHERS.

Dato forbade the meeting, others that he said it should be celebrated if we kept within the law and there was no public demonstration; we went on, however, and carried the meetings exactly as we had planned, except that we omitted the hymns until the close of the first session.

The excitement of the Catholic papers show that they appreciate the fact that there is something in Christian Endeavor which really makes them tremble; and they may well feel that way. The papers are really interesting reading these days; it's not only the Zaragoza ones that talk about the matter, but the *Imparcial* had something the other day, the *Voz* has

reported various facts, the *Correo de San Sebastian* has its own comments, and now the *Eco de Navarra* has an article quite in our favor, and saying the Catholics act as if they were afraid. Even the Paris edition of the New York Times (a fine paper by the way) has a few lines telegraphed from Madrid. But they cannot take away from us our beautiful convention, do what they like. The Cabildo of the Inglesia de Pilar felt so badly when they found that we had actually had the convention after all, that they have had a special service in the Pilar to atone for it in some way, we do not know just how.

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## HELPS FOR LEADERS.—CONCERNING MISSIONARY BOXES.

### INDIA.

MRS. RICHARD WINSOR, of Sirur, says: "I think a fairly good rule to follow for our native children, especially those in school who are somewhat educated, would be, Whatever pleases American boys and girls would please the boys and girls in India," excepting that they do not care for games. I have found bright pictures to illustrate Bible scenes most useful; Christmas cards, especially if the pictures are of bright-colored flowers, bright colors are so attractive to the native children. Bags, empty or filled with articles useful in school life. Bags filled with sewing materials. These last might be a little smaller than the school bags. Also bags about five inches square, empty. Blocks of cloth cut for patchwork, four and one-half to five inches square. Dolls dressed in bright colors. Dolls with dark eyes are very acceptable: the girls like brown-haired, brown-eyed dolls best. Remnants of all kinds of goods, small pieces; these and the remnants of flannel are double or treble in value. Small vests, combs, small mirrors, Mother Hubbard garments for little girls. If made for children of five or six they should be almost long enough to reach the floor. Girls over ten manage the native dress better than the little ones. Petticoats and jackets, *i. e.*, little calico or print sacks, for girls from eight to ten are very acceptable, rubber balls, scrap-books. Think of the help to the missionary, think of the encouragement to the teacher and the scholar, and be not weary in the grand work, making the children on both sides of the globe better and happier."

Articles that would be appreciated by Miss Abbott, of Bombay: \*Skirts of unbleached cotton 36 to 40 inches in length. \*Skirts of gingham or wash calico 20 to 40 inches in length. \*Jackets of gingham or calico, bust measure 20 to 38 inches. Also garments like the above made of outing flannel. Thread, white and colored, fine and coarse combs and small hand mirrors. Slates and elementary drawing books, pencils, pens, erasers, paper pads.



Picture books of English alphabet. Picture books of English primers. Picture books of Bible stories. \*School-book bags of canvas or strong cretonne made like large envelopes with tape sewed onto the flap to tie around and hold the package securely when the books are within. \*Hand bags or workboxes furnished for women. Scissors, knives, stilettos, frames for embroidery. Patchwork cut and basted, dolls and toys, games, scrap-books. Picture cards, Easter and Christmas cards if names that are written upon them are covered by clean white paper pasted over. \*Squares of wide cretonne, hemmed or bound and strong tape at one corner, for wrapping round the women's sewing for the day. If a little piece of white cloth should be sewed just below the tape on the outside, it would serve as a mark upon which each woman's name could be written. \*Small pieces of white cotton cloth prepared for teaching different stitches in sewing, as is done generally in the public schools of America at the present time.

Miss Abbott has indicated thus \* the articles which she finds of especial value. Dolls for India are more useful if the heads are china, without hair.

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## Scraps from our Work Basket.

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**CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE MONTH.** It is with real pain that we are obliged to report a falling off of contributions for the month ending September 18th, there being \$1,504.99 less than for the same month in 1899. The only rift in the cloud is the fact that a number of the branch reports have not been received as usual, and there is hope that in some cases a larger amount may be received in the month to come. When this paragraph reaches our readers, the financial year of the Board will be closed. Whatever the record may be, it must stand. There will be no opportunity to alter it. If any have been unfaithful we must plead for forgiveness from the Master, who committed the work to our hands. Must we not believe, however, that He demands more than sorrow for past neglect? Does He not expect of us more earnest, faithful, persistent labor in the *immediate* future.

**THE FRIDAY MORNING PRAYER MEETING.** The prayer meetings of the Woman's Board were resumed on Friday, September 28th. The good number present on a stormy morning gave evidence of the warm place the meeting holds in many hearts, and of good promise for the coming winter. It was pleasant to greet the familiar faces in their old places once more, brightened and freshened by the summer rest, and eager for tidings of the

loved work. Naturally the topic for the day was China and our work and workers there. Letters from Mrs. Tewksbury and Miss Haven, on the siege of Peking, touched all hearts and called forth earnest prayers for China and our missionary interests there at this crisis, and for the bereaved ones in this country. All who were present felt as strongly as ever that those who cannot, or do not, attend these meetings lose much that is comforting and inspiring from their lives.

**THE WORK IN CHINA.** With the very first letters received after opening of Peking word comes of immediate resumption of missionary work. Dr. Ament had already taken up evangelistic work among the Chinese in Peking. The Bridgman School for girls, formerly in Peking, was expected soon to open at Tientsin with thirty pupils, and Dr. Sheffield was preparing to gather the scattered students of North China College—formerly in Tung-cho—and start anew in Peking. Thus we see that there is no “dead-lock” in missionary effort for the distracted empire, whatever may be the case with the great “Powers” of the earth. Neither do we find all the courage and energy necessary to overcome disaster confined to the money makers in enlightened lands. What a joy to know that there is a higher Power who can and will meet China’s greatest need! What an inspiration to witness the undaunted faith and courage of the soldiers of the cross! What a pitiful contrast the words heard not long since, “No more of *my* money will ever go to China!”

**MISSIONARY PERSONALS.** The number of missionaries returning to this country this year is smaller than usual. Those already arrived are Miss M. E. Price, from Inanda, South Africa; Miss Margaret Melville, from West Central Africa; Miss Emily McCallum, from Smyrna; Miss F. E. Burrage, from Cesærea. Miss Emma Barnum, of Harpoot, has spent the summer in Switzerland, resting in this way, instead of taking a furlough in this country. Quite a number have gone out to their fields. Besides those mentioned in our September issue, Miss Miriam V. Platt has sailed, on her way to Harpoot; Miss Grisel McLaren for Van, Turkey; Miss Isabel Dodd, who came only for a flying visit to her mother, at her own expense, has left for Constantinople. Miss Channel left Boston for St. Louis and San Francisco, October 8th, expecting to go to Guam with Mr. and Mrs. Price, on the government transport *Solace* early in November. Miss Jean Gordon, from Wai, India, Miss Alice H. Bushee and Miss Anna Webb, of Spain, have also returned to their posts. There has been one new appointment in September, Miss Florence Hartt, who expects to take Miss Stockbridge’s place in Ahmednagar, India.

**MARTYRED MISSION-  
ARIES IN CHINA.** We have on hand beautiful testimonies to the character and work of our dear friends who were at Pao-ting-fu. To publish them seems to be to acknowledge the certainty that they are no longer on the earth. We hesitate to do this while there is a shred of hope left that they may be alive. Reliable confirmation has been received that our compound was attacked July 1st; that Mr. Pitkin was killed while heroically defending it, and that Miss Morrill and Miss Gould were carried away. The common belief and report is that they were put



MISS PARTRIDGE STARTING OUT FOR VILLAGE WORK.

to death soon afterward, but this is not actually known. There is a bare possibility that they may have fallen into the hands of friendly Chinese and saved. A rumor received from Peking October 2d, stating that there were foreigners escaped from Pao-ting-fu in hiding at Lanan, and later that Li Hung Chang had offered escort, which was refused, to fifteen missionaries imprisoned for many weeks at Pao-ting fu, gives slight color to this hope. By the kindness of friends we are permitted to give pictures of Miss Partridge, a member of the ill-fated Shansi Mission. Miss Partridge was a mis-



MISS PARTRIDGE.

sionary of the Board of the Interior, who went to China in 1893, and had done a fine evangelistic work in Taiku and the surrounding villages. An extract from one of her letters soon after she got into her work shows her spirit. Writing of a gathering of women in a village, she says: "I prayed for the first time there after explaining carefully what prayer was, and why we bowed our heads and covered our eyes. . . . Doesn't it seem a solemn thing—the first prayer to the true God that over twenty, at least, of these women ever heard? O! it makes me feel very humble and very much in earnest in private prayer for the Holy Spirit to rest upon me. Will you not pray for me often, that I may never lack words to tell them of a Saviour and his love, and that I may be careful

of my strength so as to work long for the Master? Miss Morrill's breakdown\* is a warning not to be disregarded. I have always held her up to myself as a model, and stirred myself to fresh endeavor by memory of her earnestness and activity."

DEATH OF VARTENI'S DAUGHTER. Those who have read Miss Proctor's interesting sketch of Sister Varteni, with the title "Held by His Hand," will be interested and saddened to hear of the death of her devoted daughter, Mariam Varzhoohi. Miss Proctor writes of her: "Nearly all the missionaries were in the mountains on their vacation, but she had the kind care of her own people. Only Dr. Fuller and Mrs. Papazian were able to see her during her illness. Mrs. Papazian went up to see her about sunset the evening before she died, and received her last messages. She said: 'I shall soon be with my mother. I am not afraid to die; I am glad to go. I am afraid of nothing but the pain, and Jesus is with me and helps me bear that.' The few gold coins that she and her mother had laid by for an emergency she asked to have distributed between the college, the seminary, the

\*This tribute to Miss Morrill's influence was written at the time she came to this country in ill health. She soon regained her health, however, and returned to full work.

orphanage, a blind friend, and the poor. She requested Mrs. Papazian, and afterwards Dr. Fuller, to pray with her, and sent her love to all the absent missionary ladies by name. Owing to sickness in her own family Mrs. Papazian was unable to remain with her through the night, and before the dawn the frail little body was at rest, and the spirit had gone to the land where there is no night. Her epitaph should be, 'Loving and faithful; she hath done what she could.'" Half of my first class of eight, of which she was a member, have now passed on to the Better Country."

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### EXTRACTS FROM RECENT LETTERS.

Dr. Kate C. Woodhull, writing from Guliang, Foochow, under date of August 15th, says:—

It is beautiful on the mountain as ever, and we are getting rest, notwithstanding we are receiving so many shocks from the harrowing tidings that come to us. Our hearts are sick when we read of the sufferings of the missionaries coming from the interior. They have to fight their way, as those cruel Boxers seem to be all through the North. One missionary escaped by being carried a long distance in a coffin, and afterwards disguised himself as a beggar. In letters that come from friends in Japan, telling of the escape of some of these missionaries, we are told that a man came to the cart of one lady and tried to kill her with a knife. She defended herself with a pillow and he went off. Another lady said she saved her life and that of her children by talking with the Boxers and pleading for her little ones. They listened to her, their hearts were touched and they did no violence. Oh! it is only because the hearts of these Boxers have never felt the love of Christ that they are so cruel. If they had had some one to tell them of His wonderful love they would not want to murder people. This war ought to teach the churches in the home lands how important it is to send the gospel to the heathen. Surely God will richly reward the dear ones who have gone so bravely into the interior of China, where the hearts of the people are so dark, and where they are now in so much danger. How great was God's mercy to the native Christians in that region, to give them such a spiritual uplift just before they were to pass through the fire of persecution; to give them a glimpse of the heavenly glory which some of them were so soon to enter upon. Surely God does love this land, and perhaps he has permitted this awful calamity of war to come in order to let his children everywhere know that they must

obey his command to "Go and teach." This great nation of people are most of them like little children in their ignorance, and these Boxers know not what they do. Surely God will not let Christian nations allow this war to be settled until China is provided with a good government. If China could have a good government, how happy these patient, teachable people could be, and how quickly they would accept all good things. . . .

Yesterday our mission met here for a special mission prayer meeting; and so the days go on, and we are hoping, hoping that we may not have to leave our work.

In a letter dated August 14th, and written from Mt. Guliang, Foochow, whither she and other missionaries had gone for a little respite, Miss Elsie M. Garretson says:—

It seems to us here on the mountain, as we look out on the beauty of nature, as if it were all impossible that so many native Christians and missionaries in other parts of China could be passing through such awful experiences. So far, Foochow and the immediate vicinity have been kept fairly quiet, but it has only been due to the most strenuous efforts on the part of our consuls and the Chinese officials combined, and we know not if they will be able to continue it to the end. Twice the time was set to kill the foreigners and Christians, but a fearful flood frustrated the plan in the first instance, and the prompt arrest and punishment of the ringleaders of the plot stopped all further proceedings in the second. The business men, and good citizens generally, are greatly desirous that law and order should prevail, and they have done what they could to help the officials in maintaining it, but the vagabond class are ready to break out in open rebellion at the first opportunity. The rumors that the Boxers in the North had gained a grand victory over the foreign armies made them feel that now was the time to strike. Ever since the Japan war the price of rice has been much higher, and, of course, the foreigners are held responsible for it.

We cannot but feel that our peace and safety here, and the prospects for opening our schools in September, will depend largely on what the allied forces are able to accomplish in Peking. We are all praying that the fighting may soon come to an end, though it must necessarily take a long time to negotiate a proper settlement. We are so glad that our Board has left the matter of leaving our stations for us to do as we deem best. It seems wrong for all to leave here, although we can do but little to lessen the risk of destruction of all our property, and of harm to our Christians. There is very little talk on the streets about killing the Christians now, as it is forbidden under penalty of arrest and imprisonment. We are just living on from day to day, trusting that we may be guided to do what is best.

The Ponasang school opened a little after the first of February, and it kept me very busy every day until the school closed and I came up here. I received no new pupils, as I thought the health of the school would be better if we did not crowd so much, but all the old ones came back, and I had a full school. We had seventy-three pupils and seven teachers and women employed in the house, making my family come up to just eighty persons. One of the assistant teachers was rather poorly most of the term, but with this exception the health of the school was very good, and the girls generally made me very little trouble and did good work. Dr. F. E. Clark's visit gave a new impulse to our Christian Endeavor Society, and twenty of the oldest girls have since then become Comrades of the Quiet Hour. But now many of our Christian families have moved away from Foochow, owing to the danger, and I fear the school will be reduced in numbers if we are allowed to open in September. We feel anxious for our girls, not knowing what tests to their faith they may meet, or whether we shall be obliged to be parted from them never to have them come back again. We have been greatly rejoiced at the calm, confident trust and fearless courage of many of those who have been in places of danger. When all the mission premises at Shao-wu were destroyed, one Christian preacher related to me how he was pleased with his little girl of five years old. She had heard her father trying to console and strengthen the faith of her grandmother, an old woman of seventy years. He had just said, "You must not be afraid to own Christ, whatever may come," and his little girl looked up and with a happy face said: "*I shall not be afraid to acknowledge Christ, either. All these men can do will simply be to kill my body, and then Jesus will take me right to heaven, and I can have the sun and the moon to play with.*"

From Mrs. Richard Winsor, Sirur, India, on her return from this country:—

We came in a *tonga* from Ahmednagar, resting in the middle of the day at Supa. We crossed over the Ghodnaddie Bridge and came on quietly, and were just thinking, now we are near home. Just then a herald with a large trumpet came rushing out, and as we came down the road we espied a large crowd; trumpet, drums and shouts made a good large chorus. In a simple, but beautiful way, with evergreens they had made an arch, and over the top, "Welcome to Rev. and Mrs. Winsor. Rejoice in the Lord." The secretary of the municipality and other members were present. The Mawlatdar\* sent a representative, as he was out of town. We stopped under the arch for speeches and songs of welcome. From the entrance to the village

\* Head native officer of county.

others joined the crowds. The road was lined with small flags. Some of the men and boys had flags which they had prepared. As we came past the Boys' Station Schoolhouse another group joined the crowd, bringing garlands. It seemed but yesterday that we had met these well-known people from the villages, and our Christians and others. As we came to our bungalow we saw another arch and "Welcome to Rev. and Mrs. Winsor. Rejoice in the Lord"; and I am sure there was joy and gladness, and there must have been a great deal of hard work to get the beautiful welcome ready. Between three or four thousand must have taken part in this reception. We saw many, many happy faces as the crowds walked along with us; guards being placed at each side of the *tonga* wheels, lest some child's foot would be crushed.

Saturday we commenced giving out seed to the villagers, as we have arrived just in time to help these farmers. But Saturday afternoon our deacons called us over to the church, where we were received again. Beautiful garlands, made by some of our people, of tissue paper were gracefully fastened in the church and evergreen trimming about the wall. The original songs and speeches were most delightful. There were solos and instrumental music, and the music of the native band. They were glad, indeed, to hear about the corn and gifts of Mellen's food, from home. We told them to whom much gratitude was due. There were many men of high standing seated in that chapel among the crowd; then after the seats were filled the windows and doors and veranda all were filled by the outside community. Our hearts were overflowing with gratitude that the Lord had spared us again to help this people.

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## Our Work at Home.

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A THANK-OFFERING WEEK.

BY MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

"I CAME in to tell you about the missionary meeting, Mrs. Dolliver. I knew you'd be disappointed not to be there, especially as it was the thank-offering service that we've been lotting on all the month."

Aunt Hitty's cheery face was radiant with good-will and satisfaction as she settled herself comfortably and pulled her knitting from her black silk bag.



“So good of you to come over,” said Mrs. Dolliver, a little disturbed by the consciousness that she had quite forgotten the meeting until the very hour, when it was too late to dispose of another engagement. “I hope the offering was as large as usual, though really, after all that has happened, I don’t know as we could blame people” —

“It was a pretty fair amount, though I’m always hoping the Lord will move somebody to do a real big, generous thing; but I don’t s’pose ’twas the money Mrs. Carew was thinking of when she planned for a thank-offering week, so much as getting us to think about our blessings, till our hearts just had to run over in thanks. She said, you know, if we took the month in a general way we should think there was plenty of time, and so keep putting it off; but if we had just the one week before the meeting, and a special thing to think about and pray about every day, we should surely get a blessing ourselves, and I know I did.”

“Was there a pretty good attendance? I suppose, of course, there was at Mrs. Ellison’s.”

“Most all the members was there, and Susan Adams led the opening exercises. She had great liberty in prayer, and somehow it ’peared from the very first as if our hearts was all aglow. For my part I wanted to shout; you know I was brought up Methodist, and just seemed to me as if somebody ought to say, ‘Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name.’”

Aunt Hitty’s voice was still quivering with deep feeling, and there was a little silence which Mrs. Dolliver felt it would be a desecration to interrupt.

“Well, you know we were to choose each day some one blessing to think about and pray about and give an offering for, and Mrs. Carew asked if some of us wouldn’t tell our experience, and how the plan had worked. A good many told. After we once got started seemed most everybody was ready to tell, and the money didn’t seem half so important as the blessing the Lord had sent us. We put the money all together in a Japanese bowl, so nobody knew who had given much and who had given little, but we saved our texts to talk about.”

“Tell me some of them,—some of yours, Aunt Hitty.”

“Well, you know there was the slip Mrs. Carew sent to all the members?”

Aunt Hitty looked inquiringly at Mrs. Dolliver, who was evidently embarrassed, and said in an apologetic fashion,—

“I’m afraid, we get so many circulars and appeals of one kind and another, that sometimes I hardly look at them. I’m afraid that must have gone into the waste-basket.”

“O, that was too bad; Ned Latham did them all on his typewriter, real

nice print. At the top was *Thank-Offering Week*; then the text, 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits to me?' and then the days of the week like a calendar, with a space under each one for a text. She asked us to pin them up somewhere, and think each day about some special blessing, and at night write in a text and lay aside an offering. I put mine up over the kitchen table. I knew that was the sightliest place for me, and I thought it might be wholesome to think about when I was at work; keep me from thinking about my lame knee and the rheumatism in my hands.

"First day I was making crab-apple jell", and Dan'l was reading the news from China about that wicked old Empress and her cruel savages, and the poor native Christians being killed off by thousands, and the brave missionaries risking their own lives to protect them; and I said, 'Thank the Lord I don't live in China.' I got right up and wrote in the text, '*The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage;*' and all day long I kept thinking what a wonderful heritage it was that I'd been born to, and what a sight of things I had to be thankful for. Why, there was my two feet to go about on the way the Lord made 'em, and the Bible and Dan'l, and the newspaper, and the distric' school, and a language that a body can speak and read. And just think of having to believe in dragons and witches and all sorts of charms, and taking toads and spiders for medicine, and having your head chopped off if you didn't please the Empress. Well, it seemed to me there was no end of things to give thanks for just from being born in this country, and I put in my offering with thanks clear to the bottom of my heart, and Dan'l put some change in too. He don't altogether stand by Gover'ment, but he said he reckoned a few years of the Empress and those Yamens of hers would make a man appreciate his mercies.

"Next day Dan'l read at prayers, 'Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God.' I thought I'd give thanks that day for spiritual blessings, and I took that first verse, though the epistle is so full of love it's hard choosing. And the more I thought about it the more wonderful it seemed that when all heathen nations are taught that their gods are full of hatred and anger, and can hardly be kept from doing them mischief, we are sure that our God is full of love, and watches to bless and comfort us. And when I thought of the strength and light and joy and peace of His presence and the comfort of leaving things to his care, and remembered the pains he had taken to have us understand his love by sending Jesus Christ into the world, I thought I knew how Paul felt when he prayed that the Ephesians might 'know the love of Christ that passeth knowledge.' It's no wonder that folks that had just come out of heathenism couldn't understand 'what manner of love' that was.

“I don’t know as I ever really thought before about its being a blessing to have a chance to send the gospel to heathen lands. Of course I held it for a duty, but a duty doesn’t always ’pear to be a privilege, and sometimes I’ve most wished I could get away from it. But my heart went out so to the folks that never heard of the Comforter and the ‘Lover of my soul,’ that I just longed to go and tell ’em myself. But you see I’d got so stirred a-Monday and Tuesday that I’d put in all my egg money. Its a kind of off time with the hens now, and didn’t seem to be any way of making ’em feel the responsibility, and then, all of a sudden, I thought of my bunnit. Althea persuaded me into buying a new one a spell back, but I never got round to having it trimmed: my old one is plenty good, and Dan’l wouldn’t take notice if I wore the same bunnit for forty years. So I took it back to Althea, and she was real pleasant about taking it, and said it would save her ordering one for Mis’ Bijah Reynolds. That give me quite a lift, but when it come to giving thanks for my father and mother, and for Dan’l, and for not being held less account than a cow, and not having to kill my little baby girls, if I’d ever had any, I felt I’d got to have some more money. That was the day I’d planned to do up my pickled peaches, and I was standing by the table reading over the receipt, and thinking I’d have to go over to the store for some more sugar and some stick cinnamon, when I just glanced up at the card and read, ‘What shall I render?’ It come to me quick as a flash that we didn’t need them pickled peaches a mite. It’s an awful rich rule, and they never do agree with Dan’l, though he’s a great hand for em; men folks always do seem to hanker after unwholesome victuals. Well, them peaches didn’t get pickled. We e’t ’em the way they grew, and I put the money for preserving into my box. I calculated close as I could, and put in ten cents more, to be sure I wasn’t holding back part of the price like Ananias and Sapphira.

“I’m making a pretty long story of it, Mrs. Dolliver, but it’s been such a blessed week I feel like keeping right on all the rest of my life. I know there’d be things enough for every day of it, and we’re going to need money pretty bad to feed starving folks in India, and take care of all those poor homeless Chinese girls.”

Mrs. Dolliver looked at the compassionate old face, with tears trembling in the kind blue eyes, and her heart condemned her for her careless forgetfulness. She took a folded bill from her work-basket and slipped it into an envelope.

“There,” she said, “that was for lace and ribbons for the baby’s coat, and it is pretty enough without. I’ll give my thank offering because where I forgot my Master he didn’t forget me, but sent me a messenger. What text would you put on, Aunt Hitty?”

Aunt Hitty hesitated a minute. "There's one in the 'love chapter,' 'Not that we loved God, but that he loved us,' that always seemed to me a wonderful word."

Mrs. Dolliver wrote her text and sent her offering, and Aunt Hitty went home smiling happily to herself. But as she went about her work singing

"When all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,"

she glanced at the card she had pinned again in its place on the wall, and shook her head, saying:—

"Lace and ribbons, and new bunnits, and pickled peaches! The Lord help us to give something precious and costly as he did, not just foolish trifles that we are better off without."

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### In Memoriam.

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"DIED, in Easton, Pa., Sept. 5, Fedora L., widow of Rev. Joseph A. Copp, D.D., formerly pastor of Central Church, Chelsea."

These simple words in the daily paper carried sorrow to many hearts, and the world seemed suddenly colder and more lonesome since she had bidden it adieu. To those who a generation ago had stood shoulder to shoulder with Mrs. Copp in the activities of Christian service, the intervening years faded away, and it was the dear friend in the maturity of her womanhood, with the radiant smile and the queenly presence, to whom they were saying good-by.

It is for others to tell what Mrs. Copp was in the various relations of home and social life; it belongs to these pages to speak of her priceless worth to the Woman's Board. She was one of its charter members, bringing to it a whole-hearted devotion and rare mental and spiritual gifts. It was not as easy thirty years ago as now for women to speak from the platform or the pulpit, and alluding on one occasion to her dread of it she said, "But that seems to be the only cross-bearing left us to do for the Master." Her facile pen wrought untiringly for the cause, and her able annual reports and other papers were often written late at night after a busy day, when the rest of the family were in bed.

What a halo she threw around her office of Recording Secretary, till that which is usually thought to require only a careful clerical gift, came to be considered in the Woman's Board a post of great honor and dignity. She was a wise counsellor, and often in the meetings of the Executive Committee, after an earnest discussion of some perplexing question, it was her clear, well-weighed last word that brought the light and settled the doubt.

To the day of her death this organization lay very near her heart; and though a serious accident which left her lame for life, and later a removal to Pennsylvania, prevented her presence at the meetings, the absence was only of the body; the free spirit was still there with the "dear Woman's Board," and she kept in close touch with all its work.

The last time she was present at a public meeting of the Board she read a paper of special value, and as she took her seat, leaning on her crutch, she said to one at her side, "That is my last legacy to the dear old Board." It was her last public gift, but who can estimate the value of the loving prayers sent up while life lasted for her old associates in the work, for the dear missionaries on the field, for all the interests of the Master in the world? Dearer to her than life itself, she could truthfully say,

"I love thy kingdom, Lord."

E. C. P.



MRS. J. A. COPP.

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### OUR BOOK TABLE.

*Arabia: The Cradle of Islam.* Studies in the Geography, People and Politics of the Peninsula, with an account of Islam and Mission Work. By Rev. S. M. Zwemer, F.R.G.S. Introduction by Rev. James S. Dennis, D.D.

This stately two-dollar volume of 434 pages is from the tireless press of Fleming H. Revell Company, and is enriched by an index, maps, half tones from photographs, and wood cuts, one of the most interesting of which is the Mecca certificate which is given to pilgrims to the sacred city, and is looked upon by Moslems as practically a passport to heaven. The author

says, "These certificates cost money, as does everything at Mecca save the air you breathe." About midway in the passage on the hot Red Sea the voyager looks east with the knowledge that sixty-five miles from the shore lies this sacred city of the Mohammedans, the Holy Land of Arabia—Mecca. Early in the sixteenth century we have the first account of a European visiting the sacred shrines of the Moslem world, but since then "more than a score of travelers have braved the dangers of the transgression, and escaped the pursuit of fanatics to tell the tale of their adventures." This book is dedicated: "To the Student Volunteers of America, in memory of the two American Volunteers who laid down their lives for Arabia—Peter J. Zwemer and George E. Stone." The introductory note by Dr. Dennis recommends the book with most unqualified praise. He says: "It is a missionary contribution to our knowledge of the world. The author is entirely familiar with the literature of his subject. English, German, French and Dutch authorities are at his command. The less accessible Arabic authors are easily within his reach. These chapters will be sure to quicken an intelligent interest in one of the great religious and international problems of our times." The author himself in his preface says: "Some of the chapters are necessarily based largely on the books by other travelers; but if any object to quotation marks, we would remind them that Emerson's writings are said to contain three thousand three hundred and ninety-three quotations from eight hundred and sixty-eight individuals! The material for the book was collected during nine years of residence in Arabia." There are three appendices. The first is a chronological table from the Birth of Ishmael, 1892 B. C., to A. D. 1886; the second appendix contains a table of the Arab tribes of Northern Arabia; and the third is a copious Arabian bibliography, arranged alphabetically under special titles.

*Kin-da-shon's Wife: An Alaskan Story.* By Mrs. Eugene S. Willard, Author of "Life in Alaska." Published by Fleming H. Revell Co. Pp. 281. Price, \$1.00.

In the preface to the fourth edition of this Alaskan story Mrs. Willard assures her readers that "the main incidents in Kin-da-shon's story are as he gave them to us, and Kin-da-shon himself has been pictured as we knew him—gentle, strong, patient, conscientious and affectionate." Alaska as a gold field and as a resort for summer tourists occupies a large space in our current literature. We read John Burroughs and John Muir to learn about the natural history and physical sublimities. We read of Loyal L. Wirt's wonderful journey from the new city of Nome to appeal for help to the Congregational churches of the States. For many years Dr. Sheldon Jackson has kept Alaskan Missions at the front, and now, in this vivid story, we can

enter more completely into the daily life of the natives of our northernmost possession. Mrs. Willard says, "There are no more loyal citizens under our flag than the hundreds of intelligent native young men and women, boys and girls, who have been trained in our Alaskan schools." But she deplors the recent substituting of license for the prohibition of liquors, and asks, "Shall our new century be a century of greater dishonor?"

*Held by His Hand: The Story of Sister Varteni, of Aintab, Turkey.* By Myra A. Proctor. This graphic presentation of a marked personality, by one of our own missionaries, has already been referred to by Miss Child in the editorial notes of LIFE AND LIGHT. Sister Varteni had a life of great usefulness, and lived to the great age of one hundred and one years. Her daughter writes of her, in the last months of her life: "She cannot now rise to her feet, and has not strength to walk, but her heart and her faith are strong. She still gives lessons to six poor children. The prayer which she now offers with the greatest desire is that the whole world may truly come to Jesus, and that all nations may sincerely repent." Hundreds of people came to kiss her hand and request that she would ask a blessing upon them; and for every one she offered a short prayer, according to his need. The one she liked best was: 'May Christ hold your hand: the Lord be with you; I can commend you to no other.' Her final departure, with mind bright and clear to the very last, occurred March 24, 1899. A great crowd assembled in the First Church of Aintab for the impressive funeral services, at the close of which the officers of the three Protestant churches in Aintab bore her on their shoulders to the grave. There, as the sun was setting, the college students sang a sweet original hymn, and thus, with prayer and praise, the venerable form was laid to rest." We are reminded by this account which Miss Proctor gives of the burial of this Armenian saint, of a somewhat similar service performed by Armenians for their beloved and revered father and friend, Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, of Lexington, Mass. Mrs. Schneider, who was personally associated with Sister Varteni from 1858 to 1868, writes to Miss Proctor, "As Mary Lyon was an inspiration to American women, Sister Varteni was to the women of the Central Turkey Mission."

*The Situation in China: A Record of Cause and Effect.* By Robert E. Speer. This pamphlet is issued by Fleming H. Revell Co., on account of the present large demand for all trustworthy information concerning that great Empire on which our thoughts have been dwelling with such intense interest during the past summer. This is one chapter from a larger work on "Missions and Politics in Asia." In closing his Introduction Mr. Speer emphasizes two things: "First, missions are not

responsible for the present difficulties. They produced the Reform Movement. The Reformers acknowledged that. The Emperor himself, it was said, was on the verge of issuing an edict in favor of Christianity. If the Western Powers allowed that to collapse and the reactionary forces to resume control, missions cannot be reprimanded because reaction seized its opportunity. Second, missions, at least responsible Protestant missions, have not been seeking for political intervention, for enlargement of rights or for the forcible support of their work by the Western Powers." Now that missionaries and their methods are subjected to much unintelligent criticism from the secular press, and are held responsible for no little of the present trouble in China, it is well to give wide currency to all expert opinion on the other side. The pamphlet is attractively bound, and will doubtless have a wide reading.

G. H. C.

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## SIDE LIGHTS FROM PERIODICALS.

### CHINA.

FOR clearness and comprehensiveness we especially recommend "The Chinese Resentment," by H. H. Lowey, a Presbyterian missionary, *Harper's*, October. The Hon. Chas. Denby has given valuable testimony to missionary effort many times, and now adds, "The Future of China and the Missionaries," *Forum*, October, in which he points out the revolutionary power of Christianity wherever it has gone, and the necessity of persevering to carry it to China. There may be limitations to localities where the missionaries can best labor, but none to the onmoving of the kingdom in China. It is good to hear such a courageous ring from one who was many years our minister to China, and who studied the missionary situation carefully.

Other experts contribute to this widely discussed subject of the Chinese Empire, viz., a political sketch on "China and Russia," Josiah Quincy, *North American Review*, October; two discussions upon China's crisis, one by James B. Angell in the October *Atlantic*, the other by Prof. Isaac Taylor in the October *Munsey*, highly illustrated; an outlook into the "Future of China," by Prof. G. F. Wright, *Bibliotheca Sacra*, October; a bit of history as to the Tartar Invasion, *National Magazine*, October, and in the same Mr. Geo. H. Ewing's account of his escape from the Boxers is reported.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

A graphic "Biography of Lady Curzon," by Virginia Peacock, *Lippincott's*, October.

In *North American Review*, October, a Japanese, Y. Ozaki, explains



how his country is misunderstood by Western nations. In same, the second number of "The Great Religions of the World," by I. W. Rhys David.

For those interested in the study of religions the *New World*, September, offers "Religious Life in Modern India" and "The Supreme God of the Lowest Races."

M. L. D.

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### TOPICS FOR AUXILIARY MEETINGS.

1900.

*November*.—Thank-offering Meeting. The Century's Appeal to Christian Women. See LIFE AND LIGHT for October.

*December*.—Marked Events in Mission Lands during the Year 1900.

1901.

*January*.—Philanthropic Work in Missions. Evangelistic. For Victims of Famine and Pestilence; For Lepers and other Special Classes.

*February*.—Philanthropic Work in Missions. Educational. For Widows; For Orphans; For the Blind.

*March*.—The Power of Individual Effort in Foreign Missions. Of the Missionary; Of the Native Helper; Of the Home Worker.

*April*.—The Missionary Meeting. Our Ideal: How to Attain it.

*May*.—Young People's Work. Student Volunteers; Christian Endeavor Societies; Junior Organizations of the Board.

*June*.—Buddhism. The Life of Buddha; His Teachings; Present Results.

*July*.—Confucius. His Philosophy; Ancestral Worship.

*August*.—Mohammedanism. Its Inception; Growth; Present Power.

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### MARKED EVENTS IN MISSION LANDS IN THE YEAR 1900.

#### TOPIC FOR DECEMBER.

THE marked events of the year in Mission lands are most palpable—The Boer War, The Famine and Plague in India and the Uprising in China. Brief talks on each of these subjects are suggested, bringing out the salient points in their far-reaching influence. An abundance of material will be found in current magazine literature. For the Boer War see "Africa, Present and Future," by O. P. Austin in *The Forum* for December; "South Africa's Greatest Problem," by Edgar Neils in *The Outlook*, April 26; "Fifty-eight Years As Child and Woman in South Africa," by Maynard Butler, in *Fortnightly Review* for April; "The Future of South Africa," *Nineteenth Century* for June. For the Famine and Plague in India, see "Under the Vulture Wings," by Julian Ralph in *Harper's Monthly* for December; "Indian Famine." in *The Forum* for September, 1899; articles in the *Christian Herald* of May 9, May 30, and July 25, 1900; address *Christian Herald*, Bible House, New York (5 cents per copy); *Forum*, 111 Fifth Ave., New York (35 cents per copy). For the Uprising in China see "The Future of the Chinese People," by our missionary Dr. D. Z. Sheffield,

in the *Atlantic* for January; "The Warlike Policy of the Empress Dowager in China," *Review of Reviews* for April; "The Powers and the Partition of China," by Rev. Gilbert Reid in *North American Review* for June; "Chinese Civilization," by Dr. Sheffield in the *Forum* for July; "The Last Palace Intrigue at Peking," by R. S. Gundry, *Fortnightly Review* for June; "The Foreigner from a Chinese Point of View," by Dr. Henry Liddell, and the "Chinese Crisis," by Hon. Charles Denby in the *Independent* for June 21; article in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly* by Dr. Judson Smith; "The Outbreak in China," by Dr. F. E. Clark, *North American Review* for September. A pleasant reading would be "The Streets of Peking," by Miss Scidmore in the *Century* for October, 1899, or "Behind the Pink Walls of the Forbidden City," in *Harper's Monthly* for September, 1899.

Material is so abundant it will hardly be best to take up more than one of the three general topics. To this might be added a short account of the Ecumenical Conference, where this has not been already given. See the Report of the Conference, which should have a place in every town and Sabbath school library. Obtained from Publication Committee, Ecumenical Conference, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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### ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Thirty-third Annual Meeting of the Board will be held in the Old South Church, corner of Boylston and Dartmouth Streets, Boston, on Wednesday and Thursday, November 7th and 8th. A meeting specially for delegates will be held in the chapel of the church on Tuesday, November 6th. The general subject of the meeting will be "The Present Situation: Its Claims and Its Opportunities." Addresses are expected from Mrs. W. R. Montgomery, of the Baptist Board, Rochester, N. Y., who, by request, will repeat the address she gave at the Ecumenical Conference, Mrs. F. E. Clark, just returned from Japan and China, and Rev. C. H. Daniels, D.D. Among the missionary speakers there are expected Rev. James H. Roberts, who will give an account of his escape from China across the Siberian Desert; also a number of most interesting missionaries from other fields, including those who went through the siege of Peking.

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### WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

*Receipts from August 18, 1900, to September 18, 1900.*

MISS SARAH LOUISE DAY, Treasurer.

MAINE.		NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
<i>Castine.</i> —Desert Palm Soc.,	70 00	<i>New Hampshire Branch.</i> —Mrs. Allen L.	
<i>Eastern Maine Branch.</i> —Mrs. J. S. Wheel-		French, Treas. Atkinson, Aux., 15, Mc-	
wright, Treas. Dennysville, Neighbor-		Intire Mem., 5, Flowers of Hope M. C.,	
hood Meeting,	11 60	20; Bennington, Aux., 8, Boscawen Cir-	
<i>Western Maine Branch.</i> —Mrs. C. C. Chap-		cle King's Dau., 5; Brentwood, Aux.,	
man, Treas. Brunswick, S. S., 1; Hal-		7 67, Mayflower M. B., 5; Bristol, Aux.,	
lowell, Aux., 5; Kennebunkport, South		8; Campton, Aux., Mem., 6.85; Candia,	
Cong. Ch., 10.30, Mrs. Gates, 10; Limer-		Aux., 16 and Mem., 3 and Candia Help-	
rick, Ladies, 9; Portland, A Friend, 5,		ers, 6 (to const. L. M. Mrs. Nancy Mc-	
Williston Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 3; Scar-		Duffee); Claremont, Aux., 20.50, Mem.,	
boro, 1, Silver Cross Circle King's Dau., 5,	49 30	5.50; Concord, West, Aux., 7, Mem., 2;	
	Total, 130 90	Derry, Central Cong. Ch., C. E. Soc.,	
		2.50; Derry, East, Aux., 8; Dunbarton,	

Aux., 5; Durham, Aux., 27.81; Exeter, Aux., Mem., 135; Franklin, Aux., 11.75; Goffstown, Aux. (to const. L. M. Miss L. Abbie Warren), 25, Miss Sarah Flanders Mem., 1; Greenfield, Aux., 7.75; Greenland, Aux., Mem., 5.50; Hampstead, Aux., Mem., 5; Hampton, Aux., Mem., 5, Buds of Promise M. C., 5; Hanover, Aux., Mem., 50, S. S., Mem., 20, C. E. Soc., 25; Hudson, Aux., and C. E. Soc., 18; Jaffrey, Aux., 15.50, Mem., 5.60 (with prev. contri. const. L. M. Miss Mary B. Fox), Monadnock Bees, Mem., 2.60; Keene, First Cong. Ch., Mem., 14.60; Kingston, Aux., 6.50; Laconia, Aux., Mem., 11; Lancaster, Aux., 10, Cradle Roll, 5, C. E. Soc., 3; Lisbon, Aux., 20; Littleton, Aux., 15.90, Mem., 5; Manchester, First Cong. Ch., Aux., 100, Mem., 40, Cradle Roll, 3, Franklin St. Ch., Aux., 110, C. E. Soc., 25, South Main St. Ch., Aux., Mem., 7.50; Marlboro, Aux., 10.50; Mason, Aux., 10.50; Meriden, Aux., 14; Nashua, Aux., 36, Mem., 50; New Boston, Aux., 10; Newfields, Aux., 10, Mem., 1, Y. L. Miss. Soc., 10; North Hampton, Aux., Mem., 36.50; Northwood, Aux. and Hon. Pres't (to const. L. M. Miss Mary O. Cate), 25; Orford, Aux., 4, Mem., 1.50; Pembroke, Aux., 3; Penacook, Aux., 26; Plymouth, Aux., 25, C. E. Soc., 5; Portsmouth, Aux., 83.80, Mem., 15; Raymond, Aux., 10; Rindge, Aux., 35.28, Mem., 2.75, Happy Helpers Band, 10; Rochester, Aux., 30, Mem., 5; Salmon Falls, Aux., 25, Mem., 3; Seabrook and Hampton Falls, Aux., 12; Somersworth, Aux., 60; Stratham, Aux., 18; Sullivan Co., Missionary Collection, 2.42; Swanzey, Aux., 5; Troy, Aux., Mem., 8.50; Walpole, Aux., 26.75; Webster, Mrs. J. H. Bliss, 5; Wilton, 36. Less expenses, Sec. of Jr. Work, 5,

1,564 53

Total, 1,564 53

## VERMONT.

*Vermont Branch.*—Mrs. T. M. Howard, Treas. Barnet, 24.80; Barre (e. c. d., 4.31), 15.68; Barton (of wh. 25 const. L. M. Miss Helen R. Joslyn), 31.42; Barton Landing and Brownington (of wh. 25 const. L. M. Mrs. Etta Joslyn), 25.60; Bellows Falls (e. c. d., 14.03), 16.28, Mt. Kilburn M. S., 30; Bennington, Second Ch., 25; Bennington, North, 12.50; Berkshire, East (with prev. contri. const. L. M. Miss Mary Anderson), 21; Bradford, 17; Brandon, 13; Brattleboro (const. L. M. Mrs. Edward Clark), 25, C. E. Soc., 5, Fessenden Helping Hands, 5; Brattleboro, West (of wh. 25 const. L. M. Mrs. Sarepta N. Sawyer), 30.52; Brookfield, First Ch., 13, Second Ch. (with prev. contri. const. L. M. Mrs. J. W. Farmer), 9; Burlington, 139.53, Dau. of Cov., 5; Cabot, 11.50; Caledonia Co., 1; Cambridge, 16; Charlotte, 2; Chester (e. c. d., 4.11), 16.01; Colchester, 6.25; Corinth, East, 7.70; Cornwall, 31.70; Coventry, 11.20; Craftsbury, North, 10.50; Danville, 21.55; Dummerston, East, 11.50; Enosburg (of wh. 25 const. L. M. Mrs. W. R. Hutchinson), 29; Essex Junction (Mrs. M. H. S., 3), 15.50; Fair-

field, East, C. E. Soc., 1; Georgia (e. c. d., 7.25) 21; Glover, West (e. c. d., 3.10), 23.50; Hardwick, East, 30.90; Hartford (with prev. contri. const. L. M. Miss Nellie M. Brooks), 12; Hinesburgh, 6; Irasburgh, 5; Jericho Centre, 25; Johnson (of wh. 25 const. L. M. Mrs. Carlos L. Clark), 33, Infant Class, S. S., 3; Ludlow, 25; Lyndon (of wh. 25 const. L. M. Mrs. Don Gray), 30, Buds of Promise, 11.30; Lyndonville (e. c. d., 2.56), 4.31, Busy Bees, 13.89; Manchester, 20.83, Infant S. S. Class, 39 cts., C. E. Soc., 10; McIndoes Falls, 17.75; Milton, C. E. Soc., 1; Montpelier, Bethany, 23.75; Newbury, 65; Newport (e. c. d., 2.18), 17.48; Northfield, 69; Norwich, 30; Orwell, 62, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Peacham, 60; Pittsford, 101; Post Mills (e. c. d., 4.96, and 25 to const. L. M. Mrs. Gertrude E. Milliken), 33.32, C. E. Soc., 93 cts.; Poultney, East, 3.75; Putney, C. E. Soc., 10; Randolph Centre, Aux., 15.63, and S. S., 10 (of wh. 25 const. L. M. Miss Ella L. Ferrin); Richmond, 3; Rochester, 15.35; Rutland, 35; Rupert, 20.50; Salisbury, 9.75; Sharon, 5; South Hero, 12; Springfield (e. c. d., 7, and 25 to const. L. M. Miss Mary Kathleen Baker), 38; St. Albans, 73.45, King's Dau., 1.35; St. Johnsbury, North Ch. (of wh. 25 by Mrs. C. M. Stone const. L. M. Mrs. Philip H. Stone), 236.99, Jr. C. E. Soc., 6, Dau. of Cov., 10, Cradle Roll, 8, South Ch., 84.65, Y. L. Search Light Club, 38.31; Stowe (Th. Off., 38.25, and const. L. M's Mrs. Louise B. Emery, Mrs. A. H. Cheney, Miss Nellie A. Watts), 75; Strafford, 12 65, C. E. Soc., 10; Townshend, 10; Vergennes (of wh. 25 const. L. M. Mrs. Eliza Strong Haven), 30.05; Waterbury (with prev. contri. const. L. M. Mrs. Henry Coburn), 19.57; Waterville, 5, Jr. C. E. Soc., 5; Wells River, Mrs. E. Baldwin, 5; Westford, e. c. d., 9.50; Westminster West, e. c. d., 1; West Rutland (with prev. contri. const. L. M. Mrs. Frank A. Morse), 10; Williston, 6.11, C. E. Soc., 1; Wilmington, 10.50; Windham, 5; Windsor, 29.11; Winooski, e. c. d., 31 cts.; Woodstock (Th. Off., 76.30, and 25 const. L. M. Miss Lou E. Porter), 138.45. Less expenses, 65 cts.,

Total, 2,442 47

## MASSACHUSETTS.

*Andover and Woburn Branch.*—Mrs. G. W. Dinsmore, Treas. Malden, First Ch., Ladies' Aux., 50 00  
*Barnstable Branch.*—Miss Amelia Snow, Treas. Centerville, 5; Falmouth, Mrs. Francis A. Nye, 45; Orleans, 10, 60 00  
*Berkshire Branch.*—Mrs. Chas. E. West, Treas. Great Barrington, First Cong. Ch., Bible School, 10, 10 00  
*Essex North Branch.*—Mrs. Wallace L. Kimball, Treas. Amesbury, Main St. Ch., C. E. Soc., 15.84, Union Ch., Jr. C. E. Soc., 6; Haverhill, Centre Ch., Aux., 20; Newburyport, Aux., 10, Belleville Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 20; West Newbury, First Ch., C. E. Soc., 10, 81 84  
*Essex South Branch.*—Miss Nannie L. Odell, Treas. Boxford, Aux., 15 50  
*Franklin Co. Branch.*—Miss Lucy A. Sparhawk, Treas. Conway, Aux., 9, Jr. C.

E. Soc., 3.15; Greenfield, 8.65; Northfield, 23; Orange, 25, C. E. Soc., 10; Shelburne, Jr. C. E. Soc., 50 cts., Shelburne Falls, Prim. Dept. S. S., 3,	82 30		
<i>Hampshire Co. Branch.</i> —Miss Harriet J. Kneeland, Treas. Amherst, South, Willing Workers, 10; Northampton, Edwards Ch., Aux., 1; Westhampton, Aux. (const. L. M's Mrs. David S. Montague, Mrs. Edwin B. Clapp, Mrs. Michael Conner, Mrs. Edward H. Montague), 100, Lanman Band, 19.51,	130 51		
<i>Middlesex Branch.</i> —Mrs. E. H. Bigelow, Treas. Wellesley, Mrs. P. W. Dana,	40 00		
<i>Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.</i> —Miss Sarah B. Tirrell, Treas. Easton, Aux., 25; Quincy, Bethany Cong. Ch., C. E. Soc., 20, Jr. C. E. Soc., 10,	55 00		
<i>No. Middlesex Branch.</i> —Miss Julia S. Conant, Treas. Ashby, Aux., 4; Ayer, Aux., 19.63; Boxboro, Woman's Union (with prev. contri. const. L. M. Mrs. William C. Martyn), 12.16, C. E. Soc., 10, Cradle Roll, 2.84; Dunstable, Aux., 20.50, Pansy Band, 13, Cradle Roll, 2.50; Fitchburg, C. C. Ch., Aux., 121, Jr. C. E. Soc., 7; Harvard, Aux., 33.25, C. E. Soc., 10; South Acton, Aux., 10; Westford, Aux., 20.50, C. E. Soc., 10. Less expenses, 10.49,	285 89		
<i>Springfield Branch.</i> —Mrs. Mary H. Mitchell, Treas. Miss G. M. McLaren, 10, Holyoke, First Ch., Aux., 31.80; Ludlow, Aux., 44; Ludlow Centre, Precious Pearls, 19; Springfield, First Ch., Aux., 2.40, Hope Ch., Mission Reserves, 15, Memorial Ch., Aux., 10, Olivet Ch., S. S., 30,	162 20		
<i>Suffolk Branch.</i> —Miss Myra B. Child, Treas. Boston, Miss Mary Chapman, 5, Union Ch., Aux., 25; Brookline, Harvard Ch., Aux., 47; Cambridgeport, Hope Ch., S. S. Class, 1.05; Chelsea, A Friend, 20; East Walpole, Jr. C. E. Soc., 2; Everett, Ladies' Miss. and Aid Soc., 1.90; Jamaica Plain, Boylston Ch., Y. L. Soc. (with prev. contri. const. L. M's Grace N. Kinney, L. Mabel Vaughn); Roxbury, Highland Ch., Aux., 5; Waltham, C. E. Soc., 2; West Somerville, Lower Lights, 5,	113 95		
<i>Windsor.</i> —A Friend,	1 00		
<i>Worcester Co. Branch.</i> —Mrs. Martha D. Tucker, Treas. Gardner, Aux., 122.50; Hardwick, Miss Lucy S. Perry, 30 cts.; Northbridge Centre, C. E. Soc., 5; Oxford, Miss. Soc., 7; Ware, Aux. (with prev. contri. const. L. M's Mrs. Susan G. Barlow, Mrs. Angie Corser, Mrs. M. F. Brown, Mrs. M. E. Burch, Mrs. S. W. Hallett, Mrs. T. F. Hall, Miss S. E. Irwin); Warren, Aux., 13.25; Whitinsville, Aux., 2.25, E. C. D. Band, 15.74, King's Dau., 80, Village Jr. C. E. Soc., 3; Winchendon, Aux., Th. Off., 33, M. B., 3; Worcester, Park Ch., Aux., 7.17, E. C. D. Band, 12.83, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 35,	340 04		
Total,	1,428 23		
RHODE ISLAND.			
<i>Providence.</i> —Miss Helen S. Lathrop,	100 00		
<i>Rhode Island Branch.</i> —Mrs. Clara J. Barnefield, Treas. Providence, Miss Salisbury,	25 00		
Total,	125 00		
CONNECTICUT.			
<i>Eastern Conn. Branch.</i> —Miss Mary I. Lockwood, Treas. Griswold, Aux., 20; New London, First Ch., C. E. Soc., 5.11; Norwich, Park Ch., Aux., 160; West Woodstock, Aux., 10,	195 11		
<i>Hartford Branch.</i> —Mrs. M. Bradford Scott, Treas. Plainville, Cradle Roll, 25 cts.; Rockville, Aux., 75; Simsbury, Open Hearts M. B., 5; Suffield, Y. L. F. M. Soc., 12.50,	92 75		
<i>New Haven Branch.</i> —Miss Julia Twining, Treas. Bethlehem, Aux., 5; Branford, Aux. (const. L. M. Mrs. H. M. Whitney), 25; Bridgeport, First Ch., Aux., 111.15, Olivet Ch., Aux., 12; Cheshire, Aux., 8.50; Goshen, Aux., 33; Guilford, Jr. C. E. Soc., 11.15; Middletown, First Ch., Aux., 68.82; New Haven, Yale College Ch., Aux., 25; Salisbury, Aux., 16; South Canaan, Aux., 70 cts.; Stratford, Aux., 51.72; Westchester, Aux., 11.61; Westport, Aux., 10; Winsted, Second Ch., Aux., 5; Woodbury, First Ch., Aux., 5.32,	399 97		
Total,	687 83		
LEGACY.			
<i>Pomfret.</i> —Legacy of Mrs. Clara C. Williams, Miss Mary Park, Ex'trix, through Treas. of Eastern Conn. Branch,	500 00		
NEW YORK.			
<i>Binghamton.</i> —Charles M. Dickinson, 81.50; Clifton Springs, Miss N. H. Lyman, 10,	91 50		
Total,	91 50		
MARYLAND.			
<i>Baltimore.</i> —A Friend,	40		
Total,	40		
ENGLAND.			
<i>London.</i> —Miss S. Louise Ropes,	25 00		
Total,	25 00		
CHINA.			
<i>Foochow.</i> —Girls in Boarding School,	10 00		
Total,	10 00		
General Funds,	6,323 86		
Gifts for Special Objects,	182 00		
Variety Account,	21 28		
Legacies,	500 00		
Total,	\$7,027 14		



## AFRICA.

LETTER FROM REV. F. R. BUNKER.

THE IRELAND HOME.

*(Concluded.)*

Now let us return to the dinner table where we left the girls, and I will call your attention to individual faces among them. I think you will notice first that tall girl with a remarkable face. She looks like an old woman. She is the sister of a chief—a princess. But please do not be deceived by the glamour of that term with visions of a palace, of many servitors and of great influence. I would rather take my chances as the son of a good, honest American blacksmith than as the son of the greatest African chief. His inheritance, as that of this girl, is darkness, superstition, lust, cruelty, poverty and ignorance, and he has to break away from all his inheritance to have as good a chance as a boy in the poorest Christian home in America. Our "princess," however, while not to be exalted because of her "royal blood," has come into the better inheritance of a child of God, and as that we honor her.

Her name is Nomhlahlo, which means Miss Consultation, the consultation being that of a witch doctor. When a child she lived in the home of a Christian uncle. Just as she was old enough to go to school her heathen relatives came and took her home, taking off her clothes and refusing to let her study. At fifteen years of age they engaged her to an old polygamist. She did not want to marry him, and "prayed to the Lord for deliverance,

and waited and kept still." When the time of the wedding came and everything was in preparation the old man died, and she was delivered for the time. Her brother's wife died, and she took care of his four children for him. Gradually, through her influence, a change came over her brothers, one of whom began to dress, and she was permitted to do so also after a time. Then, to her surprise, her brothers consented to her coming to school, and even secured a place for her here at the Home. Here and at her home in the kraal she is an earnest Christian worker. Her influence is strong among her people, not only from her position, but from her character as well, and she uses it faithfully for Jesus. Her mother recently died a Christian through her influence, and her brothers have greatly modified their heathen ideas, and now consent for their children to attend school.

Now notice that short, bright-faced girl, plump as a partridge in her close-fitting dress. She has six lines tattooed on her face,—three on each cheek. Her name is Kutiwani (What is said). She is a recent arrival, having come the latter part of this term. Her sister Tizeni (What did she say?) came to school in the early part of the term. Their mother, an old witch doctor, came for her in a rage. She was allowed to talk with the girl, but the latter was determined not to return home. The mother came again and again, and Miss Mellen faithfully preached the gospel to her each time. She was much subdued, and finally said that she wanted to accept Christ, but did not see how she was to support herself if she gave up the practice of divination. She confessed that the trances which she had were very bad for her health. After a time Tizeni went home with her, having been promised that she should be permitted to dress and attend school at Empusheni. We urge the girls to remain at home when their people will grant them these privileges. Hearing that the promise to Tizeni had not been kept Miss Mellen went to the kraal where she lived. The promises were renewed after excuses had been made. While there Miss Mellen saw this girl before us, Kutiwani, and was told that she was not permitted to attend church or school. She asked for permission for her also. The next day Kutiwani and two other girls named Key and Dove appeared at the Home door as runaways. Soon the older brother, the "owner" of the girls, Jabulani (Rejoice ye) by name, came after them, and was very angry. He said: "That is the way; you missionaries come and preach, and the girls follow in your tracks. You are to blame." Kutiwani refused to return, as we see to-day.

(Since writing the above Kutiwani went home in vacation and her brother tore off her clothes in a rage and beat her. Her mother helped her to run away again, and she is now at Amanzimtote during the vacation.)

See little Tambosi ("A sweet morsel") over there. She is almost hidden behind the table. She is the fourth girl in her family who has been to school here. Zimipi, her oldest sister, ran away, and there was a great time over her. Finally it was thought best to take her to Umzumbe. She was there for some time and seemed to be doing well when she fell into bad company, in which a white scoundrel was concerned, and is now living at home in nakedness and heathenism. Her sister Ndunduma (Thunder) next came. She has proved herself a very nice girl. She was at the Home for a long time, a true Christian and a little lady, and has now been at Inanda for a year, where she is very much liked. Another sister, Ntombana ("Little lady") came after her, and has been one or two terms and gives good promise. This term she has had to stay at home to care for the babies and drive off the monkeys from the gardens while this little sister has a chance to come. Gradually a change has come over that heathen home, until now they plan for the girls to go to school, often at no little sacrifice to themselves, as they lose the work of the girls for the time being.

Over there are two other little sisters, who were sent to school from Golokodo at the request of their father when dying. He became a Christian during his sickness, and the burden of his heart when dying was to have his daughters become Christians also; hence their presence here.

There is another little girl who ran away from Imfume. She became very sick, and her father, a heathen man, was sent for. He came, and instead of taking her home, as we expected him to do, he asked that she might stay, as she would get better care here. She became a bright little Christian during the meetings recently held by Elder Weavers, and it was very interesting to hear her tell her father, when he came again, how the Lord had saved and healed her. He was greatly impressed by her story.

Dear friends, I could multiply these stories of what the Spirit of God is doing through this Home to fill much larger space, if my time and your patience did not fail. Each girl of the sixty has an interesting history, and all the girls who have been here during the past six years might be mentioned with interesting details. In some cases there are sad lapses back into heathenism. The undertow back into the blackness of darkness is like that of the Indian Ocean, which makes this coast a terror to bathers. Yet many of these girls have not only come out of heathenism themselves, but have also led their families and friends out.

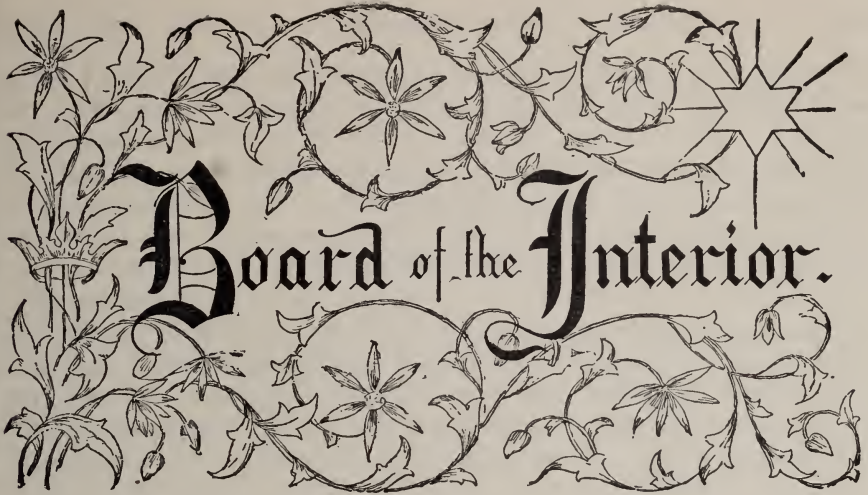
To get a knowledge of the full influence of the Home, you would need to go with me to visit our outstations, and see the homes of these girls and to hear what really wonderful changes have been wrought, dating from their running away as a beginning.

In one place a whole community changed in nine years, as a result of one girl's fidelity. Another girl flees, a refugee from an old polygamist's clutches; now she is the wife of one of our theological students, and her whole family, father, his two wives, brother and sisters, all Christians. I have frequent calls for preachers from places where a group of these girls have secured a demand for the gospel in the midst of darkest heathenism.

The present is a specially opportune time for this school. The heathen parents are becoming more willing to have their daughters taught, partly because of the breaking down of their prejudices, and especially because the marriage market is slack, owing to the death by rinderpest of their cattle. The need for the school was never so apparent as now. Yet, notwithstanding this, we have been seriously considering the advisability of closing it altogether. Why? Because there is no need for it? No, for we recognize in it a keen weapon in our Lord's hand to carry the war into Satan's very stronghold. Why, then? Because there are none of Christ's daughters willing to leave their homes in faraway America to teach their benighted sisters? No, indeed, for we hear that many stand ready to answer the call. Is it then because there are no girls seeking instruction in a higher life? Judge for yourselves from the account which I have given you in this letter. Why then should the mission entertain the idea for a moment of giving up this school? Why has it been a subject for discussion at every one of our last three mission meetings? For this reason only: It is not properly supported by the gifts of those who told us to begin it in Christ's name. We are in constant need of more means to meet the running expenses of the school, and to provide proper accommodation for its work. The school committee each year asks for less than they feel is needed for the present needs of the school, and then the mission cuts that sum down, this year one third, and it may be cut again by the Board in America. Can an aggressive work be carried on under such a policy? All the work, too, is done under great disadvantage from lack of proper room and facilities for carrying it on. The present building was never intended for a school building, and is not fitted for such work. Its location is against it, also. It is considered unwise to jeopardize the health and lives of the teachers by having them live in the building. There ought to be a larger school building built upon the hill, high enough to be healthful, and large enough to furnish accommodation for the growing work.

May our dear Lord in his own way provide for this work. Will you pray for that, friends, even if you cannot give for it?





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THANK-OFFERING HYMN.

BY MRS. M. J. WILLCOX.

I know that my Redeemer lives;  
Awake, my soul, his praise proclaim.  
God's covenant word of promise gives  
Peace and salvation in his name.

While here we sing our favored birth,  
Daughters of sorrow weep alone;  
In darker places of the earth  
His covenant mercy all unknown.

Can we forget our risen Lord  
Came back from heaven's high courts to bind  
Upon our hearts his covenant word  
Of grace and truth for all mankind?

"Go, teach all nations," was his charge;  
His promise help unto the end.  
Lord God of Hosts, our hearts enlarge,  
His message round the world to send.

With grateful joy we undertake  
That mission, trusting in his power;  
This covenant of obedience make  
Our law and strength to life's last hour.

THIS came to me from Miss Grace Wyckoff with the request that I would add something. That does not seem to me necessary. The letter tells its own story. There are other similar ones which I hope to write before long. The Lord is teaching our dear people many a lesson of courage and trust, and the gold shines in these furnace fires, while wood, hay and stubble *must* be consumed. Pray for us that we may know how to strengthen the weak, and touch with tender, skillful hands the broken reeds and smoking flax.

MISS PORTER.

The following is a letter from the wife of one of our native pastors, who lives over sixty miles from Pang-Chuang. Her daughter is one of our school girls. The latter had just returned from Pang-Chuang, and in this letter the mother acknowledges her arrival and sends thanks for our kindness to her. The translation below will show you how the little circle of Christian women meet fear and anxiety.

MISS WYCKOFF.

“Mrs. Chia respectfully sends greetings to the three ladies Po and Wei (Porter and Wyckoff). Since we separated many days ago, I have constantly tho’t of you and prayed much for you. I want now to tell you of our affairs here. The “Boxers” are thinking to stir up trouble, and there are many rumors that they are coming here. At present we cannot say we are not afraid, but with the thought, the Lord alone is our trust, we are kept in perfect peace.

“On the Sabbath the women church members come first to my house, and we unite in prayer, each one praying in turn. After this we go to the chapel for prayer and worship. It seems to me that the church members at this time are fearless, and they say ‘the Lord will certainly hear our prayer, we have the proof of it in our own hearts.’ Nor do we forget to pray for you, so you should add, prayer to prayer, because we read ‘the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much.’ Please pray for us.

“My greetings to all. The church-members also send greeting.

“MRS. CHIA.”

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#### EXTRACT FROM REPORT OF ADANA SEMINARY.

EACH year the people demand that the school open early in September and close in the middle of May. The argument that September is one of the hottest months, and that the hot season does not begin until June, has little force.

In September they have returned to the city, and the children are ready for school; while with the first breath of spring a general unrest seems to seize every one, and parents and children are uneasy until they are out at their vineyards.

We rejoice in having at last received the much-needed new piano. It is a fine Mason and Hamlin, a thing of beauty, and will be a joy for many years to come.

The much-needed cistern is also at last finished, and now our chief anxiety is to keep the water from being too freely used on these warm summer days. A class of four Armenian girls was graduated, three of whom, we hope, will continue their studies at Marash College. Last fall we were happy to send five girls to the college—graduates of former years. The reports they have sent back have done much toward removing prejudice against going into the interior, which, since the disturbance and for several years previous prevented girls from going. The fact that parents were not willing to let their daughters go to Marash, and that it was too expensive to send them to Constantinople or Smyrna, has been a great hindrance to the educational work of Adana, in reducing the supply of teachers for our field.

We rejoice, therefore, in the return of confidence in the general safety of the country which this change indicates.

Just before Easter we had a visit from Mr. Moscon, the Greek pastor of Smyrna. Although the direct object of his visit was to preach to the Greeks, and whatever the Armenian girls received from him had to come through an interpreter, yet he is a man so full of the Holy Spirit that from the very first service there was a deep interest.

Girls came asking us to talk with them about their own salvation or requesting that we would speak to some one of their companions in whom they were interested. Many who had tried to be Christians for a long time came out into the light and joy of simple trust in Jesus, and many others who before were careless gave their hearts to Christ.

We feared for the influence of the Easter vacation, which came just at this time, but God showed his power to keep and to give courage for confessing him.

One orphan girl, living with a widowed sister, said that the morning after she returned home she proposed that they begin the day with family prayers, and asked the privilege of leading the first day. A little village girl said she was going to tell her father of her new hope on their way home, because she was afraid if she waited she might be ashamed and not do it.

A Sis girl from a Gregorian family begged me to ask her father to attend the Protestant church during the summer. Happening to spend a Sunday there, soon after school closed, I found her father had gone out to the vineyard of some relatives to spend the day. The daughter had been invited, and urged to go. She started, but on reaching the edge of the village her

conscience said "No" so loudly that she turned back and went to church instead. When afterwards she found that I was there, and that by going she would have missed seeing me, she felt that God had specially rewarded her.

There is thought, also, of starting a regular week-day meeting for Bible study and prayer for any Greek women or girls who can be persuaded to attend. There is great need of such work, as the home influences are far from being what they ought to be. May God make plain just what he would have done in this branch of his vineyard, and grant great wisdom and strength for the doing of it!

If we can secure the necessary Greek teachers there is reason to think that the Greek department will grow, and we hope another year may enable us to report fifty pupils. Since Greek teachers are necessarily expensive, we ought to have at least that number to support the school.

There are various problems connected with this department which require time for solution, but if it be God's will that the work continue he will surely make clear some things that are now dark.

To one who really understands the situation the most striking feature of the work in the Adana field is the great need. Worldliness is coming in like a flood. Jesuits, Catholics, Gregorians and Orthodox Greeks are pushing their work with an adequate force of men and money.

In our Protestant work we must keep pace with them or fall far behind. Another lady missionary is much needed, in order that some one may devote her whole time and strength to working in the homes of the people. After studying the situation for years this comes to me as the only hope.

MISS E. L. WEBB.

MISS C. D. LAWRENCE.

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## TWO HOSPITAL PATIENTS.

BY MISS MARY H. PORTER.

SOMETHING in *Mission Studies* reminds me that you shared our anxiety for the dear young mother so terribly burned last May. The rest of the story is heart-breaking, except as we think of it in the knowledge of her present joy. When I returned from the North I found her tenderly cared for in the most cheerful, sunny ward of our hospital, patient, gentle, hopeful, her wounds healing slowly. She was able to listen with pleasure to reading, to take part in meetings as the sympathetic native sisters gathered in her room, and to study a little. The great heat was trying even in her well ventilated

room, and her power to recuperate seemed exhausted by it. Her father, who had cared for her from childhood as a motherless child, was a rarely attentive and gentle nurse. Once in a while, not at all frequently, her husband went in to see her. It was pitiful to see that she expected nothing from him, although he is a Tung-cho graduate, and has seen, as well as heard of, the devotion of some men to their wives. As autumn was near the gentle invalid longed to go to her father's home. The physician thought the change might do her good, and she was carried the six miles on a litter. She was very happy with her friends, rallied a little and hoped for restoration.

Then came the threatening of the Boxers. All Christians in the village fled to the fields or to neighboring hamlets. More than once the poor, wasted form, with great raw surfaces upon abdomen and limbs upon which skin had not formed, was hastily wrapped in comfortables and carried to some home where heathen friends were willing to run the risk of giving her shelter. The strain was more than she could bear. In a little lull in the storm she had a few days in quiet with her father, growing weaker from hour to hour.

Then came a night of terror. A strong young cousin rushed in and said, "The Boxers are upon us." "Oh," pleaded the patient sufferer, "let me die here," but her impetuous cousin dared not linger and would not leave her. So, fainting with weakness, in distress of pain from every touch, she was almost thrown over his shoulder and placed again among heathen neighbors, whose homes were safe from attack. There was no rallying afterward. She had her wish and died at home, having been taken back as soon as day broke. She lived almost twenty-four hours longer, left tender messages for her little five-year-old daughter, and for all the friends who had been kind to her. A little before dawn the father, a man of faith and prayer, commended her spirit to the Lord, and watched the quiet breathing out of her life. Her husband had started to see her that morning, and met the little cortege bearing the body to his village for burial, just outside the hamlet wall. At this time of excitement all judged it unwise for any foreigners to attend the funeral. Native women went from Pang-Chuang in our conveyances, and one of the Chinese pastors, a brother-in-law, conducted a Christian service.

I have rarely known anywhere a lovelier, more gentle woman than Mrs. Wu Yee Kê. She had great natural sweetness of spirit, and under her father's training had known and loved the Saviour from her youth. In the toilsome round of life with an invalid mother-in-law and two motherless nieces who were her care, she displayed unflinching patience and fidelity. Her husband said of her after she was gone, "In all the years she never

shrank from any burden or spoke an ungentle word." His pastor said, "And you?"

We hope the answer revealed the man to himself. It was, "I have been ill so much I was sometimes impatient and unreasonable, but *she never answered.*"

Those hot, hot summer days! We tried to keep her room sweet and increase her comforts, and the memory of them is all irradiated by the vision of the sunny smile, the assurance that she was "better," and the loving gratitude with which she rewarded every little attention. One beautiful thing she had, her father's unstinted love and devotion; this from the earthly side, and from the heavenly the support of "the everlasting arms."

Another sufferer from a similar burn was brought to us a little later, one who did not know any such sustaining love. She stayed a few days and was gaining rapidly, when threats against Pang-Chuang were most alarming. Her friends came for her one night in great haste. On the way home, as she was carried on a rough litter, a little dead child was born, and two days later the mother ceased to suffer. One went in the sweet, glad hope of a heavenly home, the other out into the darkness. What God has for her there we do not know, but how we long for the coming of the time when all shall know "what God hath prepared for them that love him."

PANG-CHUANG, CHINA, Dec. 18, 1899.

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FROM MISS MINNIE B. MILLS.

SMYRNA, Jan. 16, 1900.

THIS has been a very busy and prosperous time; both teachers and girls have been kept in excellent health, and old Father Time seemed greedier than ever in snatching away the days before we could do half we wanted to. The average attendance has been about one hundred and fifty, a little less than last year, and the girls, with a very few exceptions, have worked splendidly. The attendance at our Sunday afternoon meeting with the girls has been mostly good. You remember, perhaps, that last year it was changed to 1.30 in the afternoon, so that the outside girls as well as the boarders might attend if they tared to. Several others have responded this year. Some of the Gregorian girls can attend this service whose parents would not allow them to enter the church. The meeting is conducted much as a Christian Endeavor meeting at home.

The Temperance Society, composed of girls and teachers, has held its monthly meetings as usual, and the subjects taken up this year have been "Kindness to Animals" and "Temperance in Speech." Our next subject

will be "Temperance in Dress,"—a subject to which I wish the attention of the women of Smyrna might be turned. My heart often aches when I go into the streets and see how worldliness and love of show and of fashion have taken possession of these women, and often have crowded out their better and deeper nature.

On the other three Fridays of the month are held the meetings of our King's Daughters' Society: one week the business meeting, another the prayer meeting and the third the missionary meeting. This society continues its work among the poor, having at present sixteen families more or less dependent on them. We feel that this work is in itself an education for the girls, not only in giving for its support, but three are appointed every month, one of which must be a teacher or an older member, to visit these poor people, distribute the food or money, take the doctor to the sick, and bring in a report of their work at the end of the month. Often it is very hard to raise the funds to carry on this work, yet some way the treasury never gets quite empty.

Thanksgiving Day, as usual, was given up to the girls. The early morning prayer meeting was led by Miss Pohl, and was of deep interest to us all. We had so many things to be thankful for! Some of the slips handed in by the girls were very sweet. One said, "O God, I thank thee that thou didst make me receive Jesus as my own Saviour;" another, "Looking back on the past year I see many blessings I have received, and for which I have not thanked Him as I ought; but the greatest of all is that he has been with me, and has answered all my prayers in his name." A third said, "I cannot find words to thank my God and Jesus Christ for the many mercies which He has given me; but there is one thing that I thank God very much for, because he made me to know Jesus, and through him my sins are forgiven."

You spoke of the two girls in Ordore about whom I wrote last summer. The friends there write that all opposition from their mother has ceased, and with her consent they will soon marry into Protestant families. But with this news came word of a heavy blow to the church there.

Only last year they completed a little church near the seashore. It was after years of persecution and opposition from the government and Greek Orthodox Church, and they were so proud and happy in their possession of it. A few weeks ago there was a terrific storm on the sea, and the waves beat with such force as to wash away the outer wall, which served as a protection, and then injured the foundations of the church so that one corner fell.

My heart goes out to the pastor and his wife, who were already bearing heavy burdens. Ah! but it is the Lord's work, and he will care for it.

## THE SPIRIT AND PURPOSE OF MISSIONS IN CHINA.

(From "Missions in China," by James S. Dennis, D.D., in *Review of Reviews*.)

THE spirit in which Christian missionaries have entered China is beyond criticism. They obey the command of One whom they love and serve, and who has the right to send them there. They seek the good of the Chinese. They enter upon a life of toil, sacrifice and danger, with the unselfish purpose of giving priceless gifts to an alien race. They offend no law of courtesy, kindness, manliness or honor in taking up their residence among the Chinese to teach them the truths of Christianity, to introduce facilities of education, to bring the blessing of healing, and minister to them in other helpful and humane ways. There is no need to apologize for this attitude toward humanity; would that it were more common in the world! When Christ sees fit to ask the pardon of the human race for his ministry in the incarnation, then his missionaries may ask forgiveness for entering China. Until then let them go bravely on with their high mission.

Their attitude is not one of intrusion and offensive coercion; on the contrary, it is one of deference and respect for the personal freedom and dignity of the Chinese. They are willing to toil on unnoticed and unhonored. They bide their time and wait for converts during years of apparently fruitless efforts, as did many of China's first missionaries. They ask the simple boon of access to the intelligence and the higher moral natures of the people. They do not seek to browbeat, intimidate, deceive or betray a single Chinese, but rather to reach him by gentle persuasion and a manly and tender appeal to the untrammelled conscience and the unfettered will. The very atmosphere of their approach is liberty to both parties,—to the teacher and the taught. No Chinese ever has been or ever will, by any legitimate missionary method, be compelled to embrace Christianity.

## WOMAN'S BOARD OF THE INTERIOR.

MRS. J. B. LEAKE, TREASURER.

RECEIPTS FROM AUG. 10, 1900, TO SEPT. 10, 1900.

COLORADO . . . . .	640 51	INDIA RELIEF FUND.	
ILLINOIS . . . . .	522 10	Received this month . . . . .	107 55
IOWA . . . . .	315 75	Already forwarded . . . . .	994 44
KANSAS . . . . .	158 61	Total to date . . . . .	\$1,101 99
MICHIGAN . . . . .	257 71	CENTURY FUND.	
MINNESOTA . . . . .	169 29	Received this month . . . . .	395 45
MISSOURI . . . . .	64 27	Already reported . . . . .	2,595 32
NEBRASKA . . . . .	120 33	Total to date . . . . .	\$2,990 77
NORTH DAKOTA . . . . .	36 20	ADDITIONAL DONATIONS FOR SPECIAL OBJECTS.	
OHIO . . . . .	390 82	Received this month . . . . .	105 75
SOUTH DAKOTA . . . . .	78 23	Already forwarded . . . . .	811 31
WISCONSIN . . . . .	311 60	Total since Oct. 20, 1899 . . . . .	\$917 06
MASSACHUSETTS . . . . .	100 00	MRS. E. M. WILLIAMS, Ass't Treas.	
MISCELLANEOUS . . . . .	42 08		
Receipts for the month . . . . .	3,207 50		
Previously acknowledged . . . . .	41,868 37		
Total since Oct. 20, 1899 . . . . .	\$45,075 87		





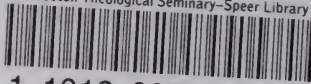
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